

# The Sketch

No. 1050.—Vol. LXXXI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1913.

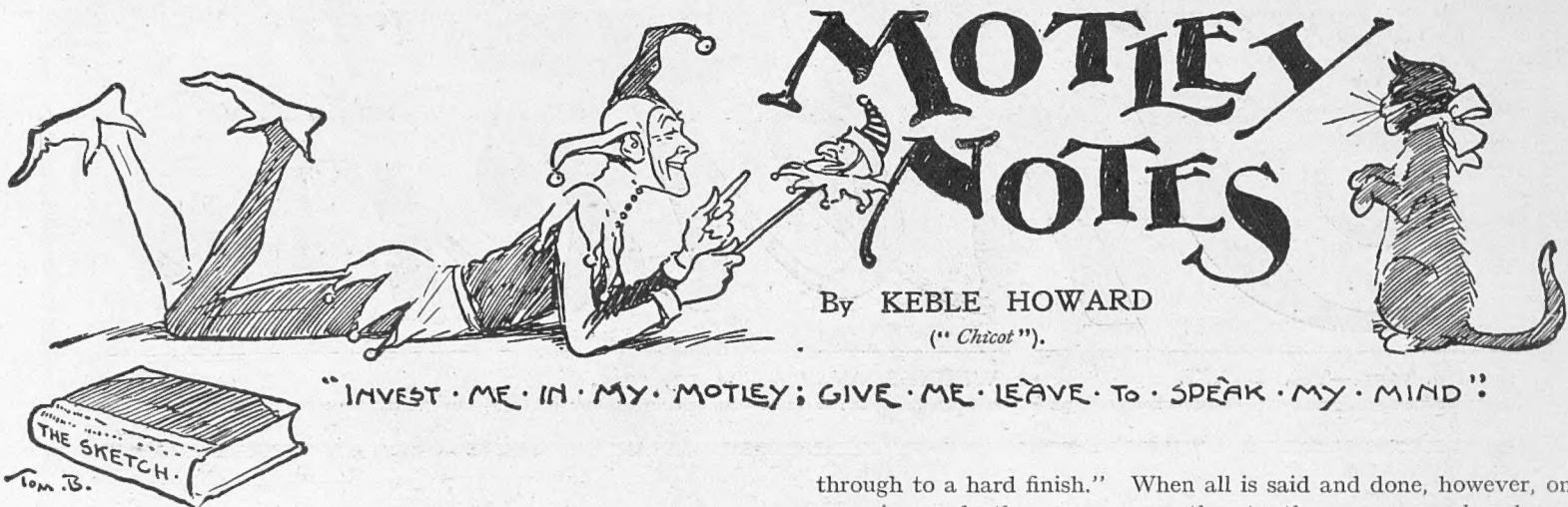
SIXPENCE.



WELL OVER — IN THE WRONG SENSE OF THE TERM: A DOUBLE SPILL IN A POINT-TO-POINT.

This double spill took place at the recent King's Royal Rifles Point-to-Point Races at Farringdon, near Alton, and happened during the "Celer et Audax" Cup Race. The event was won by Mr. Ulric Thynne's Fanciboy (Owner); with Lieutenant-Colonel T. T. Pitman's Dunmoe (Owner), second; and Captain H. C. Jackson's Milkman (Owner), third. Twenty-two ran. Amongst those present were Princes Leopold and Maurice of Battenberg.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



**The Boat Race  
(Why Not?).**

A few weeks ago, I made another frantic bid for unpopularity by suggesting that the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race should be held once in every three years instead of once a year. Modern life, I urged, is too quick for these annual events. There are some annual events that we are bound to conserve. Winter is one, and the Income-Tax is another. But we can do as we like about the Boat Race, and I really do think we should all enjoy this delightful event much more if it did not come round quite so quickly.

One would, of course, miss those refreshing little reports in the daily papers on the practice of the crews. I have always loved the sagacious comments of the sporting reporter who is told off to attend to the University Boat Race. What is the poor fellow to say? He sees, day after day, some of the best—if not *the* best—eight-oared rowing in the world. The men are adepts of years' standing. Nearly all of them have learned to row at school, and the polish has been added on the Isis and on the Cam.

But the unfortunate reporter is bound to say something. He could not turn in a report of this sort day after day: "Oxford were out just after eleven o'clock. Despite the roughness of the water, they paddled beautifully, and the time was perfect. Cambridge were out in the afternoon. The time was perfect, and the rhythmic swing of the bodies was a delight to watch."

**Rotten Work!** The poor fellow's job would soon be gone if he handed in stuff of that sort. Besides, it is safe and easy to say, "Cambridge were fairly well together, but No. 5 seemed to hang over his stretcher, and the feathering of No. 3 might have been better. Oxford contented themselves with very light work. They still have a lot to do, but we fancy they will give a good account of themselves on the day of the Race."

As the day of the Race draws nearer, he evens things up a bit more. Oxford goes off on Monday, and Cambridge comes on. Intense excitement in thousands of pure English homes! Triumphant scorn on the part of Brother George! On Tuesday, however, Oxford comes on and Cambridge goes off. Brother George in the sulks and Sister Millie all lit up! Finally, we get to the highest pitch of excitement: "Oxford are the heavier crew, but Cambridge has improved amazingly during the last few days, thus confounding all the riverside critics who had come to look upon the Race as a sure thing for Oxford. Much will depend on the weather to-morrow. Should the day turn out rough, then Oxford, undoubtedly, will have the advantage. On the other hand, Cambridge may win the toss, thus getting the advantage at the start. On the whole, though we are inclined to think that the odds are rather in favour of

OXFORD,

the Race should be one of the keenest in the list of this popular and historic aquatic event."

**What the Public  
Want to Know.**

tell them when the Race is to be rowed and at what time. This is one of the obvious things that so often get overlooked. It is very refreshing, I admit, to read that "A large quantity of water was shipped, and the crew had to bale a lot." It is inspiriting to be told that "The men got smartly into their work, pulling the blades well

There is, at any rate, one very simple little service that the Sporting Editor of every daily paper might render the public: he might just

# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot").

through to a hard finish." When all is said and done, however, one crew is much the same as another to the young people who are looking forward to four or five freezing hours on the roof of a public-house.

Even the people who are not going to witness the Race, but who take a keen interest in it, would like to be told the date on which it takes place. Year after year, I remember, I used to scan the papers for this plain piece of information, carefully withheld until the day before the Race. To-night my evening paper lies before me. I find that Mr. E. R. Burgess is an old Etonian, that he is now a Magdalen man, that he rows bow, and that his latest weight is eleven stone, twelve and a half pounds. That is all very nice, and I sincerely wish Mr. Burgess well. I find that Mr. Wells, the cox of the Oxford boat, weighs nine stone, and that Mr. Ridley, the cox of the Cambridge boat, weighs just the same amount. I wish them both well. But there is nothing to tell me when the Race will be rowed and at what time, so that I am quite unable to make any plans for being present. With all humility, I lay this humble suggestion before the Sporting Editors.

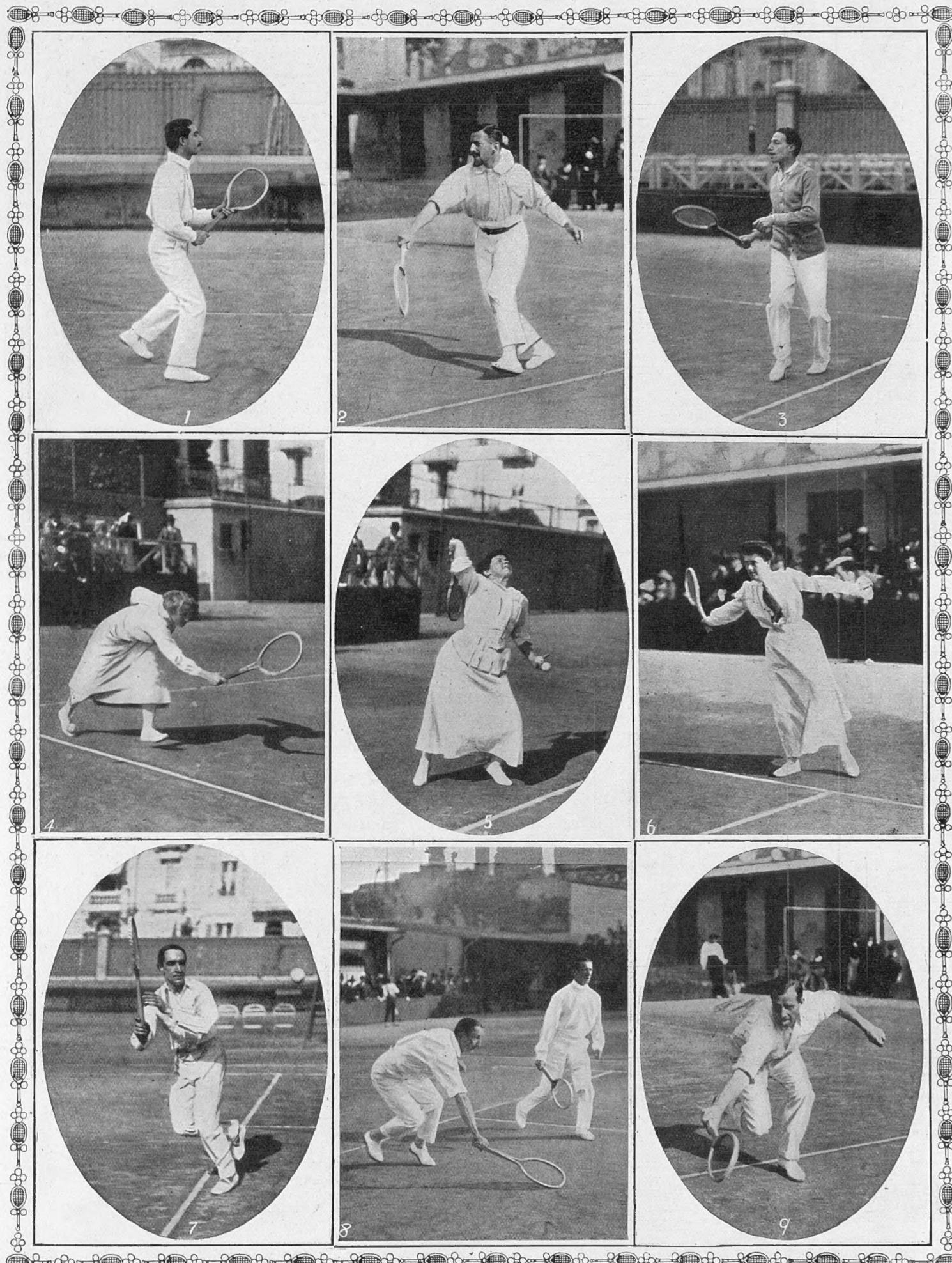
**Real Stage Food.** In last week's issue of this journal, I found an interesting article on real food on the stage. The writer recorded the experiences of several famous actors and actresses who have, in recent plays, eaten quite a lot of real food on the stage. Speaking as a dramatist who finds it impossible to keep eating and drinking out of his plays—and eating and drinking does take up a very considerable portion of everyone's waking day, so that a whole play in which there is neither eating nor drinking runs a serious risk of being untrue to life—I don't think I approve of real food on the stage. Real drink is another matter. It is far easier to drink than to eat, and stage drink is generally so doubtful in quality that the players can be trusted to drink as little as possible. But it is extremely difficult to swallow food and pick up cues in the nick of time.

About two years ago, a play of mine was produced which showed a whole family assembling at the breakfast-table. They had real fish, real eggs, real bread, real butter, real marmalade, and real tea with real milk and real sugar. Most of them were young people with good appetites and a sense of fun, and the public would have been surprised if they had been let into the secrets of that breakfast-table. From the dramatist's point of view, there was much to be said for cardboard fish and china eggs.

**Real Strawberries.** A very famous and a very successful play was written round a dinner-party. Most of the courses, I believe, were fashioned out of sponge-cake. Your ordinary West End actor does not come to the theatre hungry, but I was told of one old lady in the cast who, probably from motives of economy, used to remain on the stage after the curtain had fallen on this act and collect the broken fragments to bear away to her dressing-room.

It was during the run of this play, also, that a certain young actor conceived the idea of treating the lady who sat next to him to a basket of strawberries. Strawberries were only just coming in, and he paid a high price for a basket of the very best. This basket was placed on the table just before the curtain rose, and the young actor and his friend looked forward to a feast. They had eaten about three strawberries when the leading actor leaned forward and said, very politely, "May I trouble you for the strawberries?" At the end of the act, the basket was returned empty.

## THE COURTED OF THE COURTS: LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS.



1. PRINCE BAHRAM OF PERSIA.

4. FRÄULEIN E. KRIBBEN.

7. M. MAX DECUGIS.

2. MR. C. W. MURRAY.

5. MISS E. RYAN.

8. MR. RAHE (LEFT) AND MR. H. KLEINSCHROTH.

3. SIR PHILIP SASSOON.

6. MISS J. TRIPP.

9. MR. A. F. WILDING.

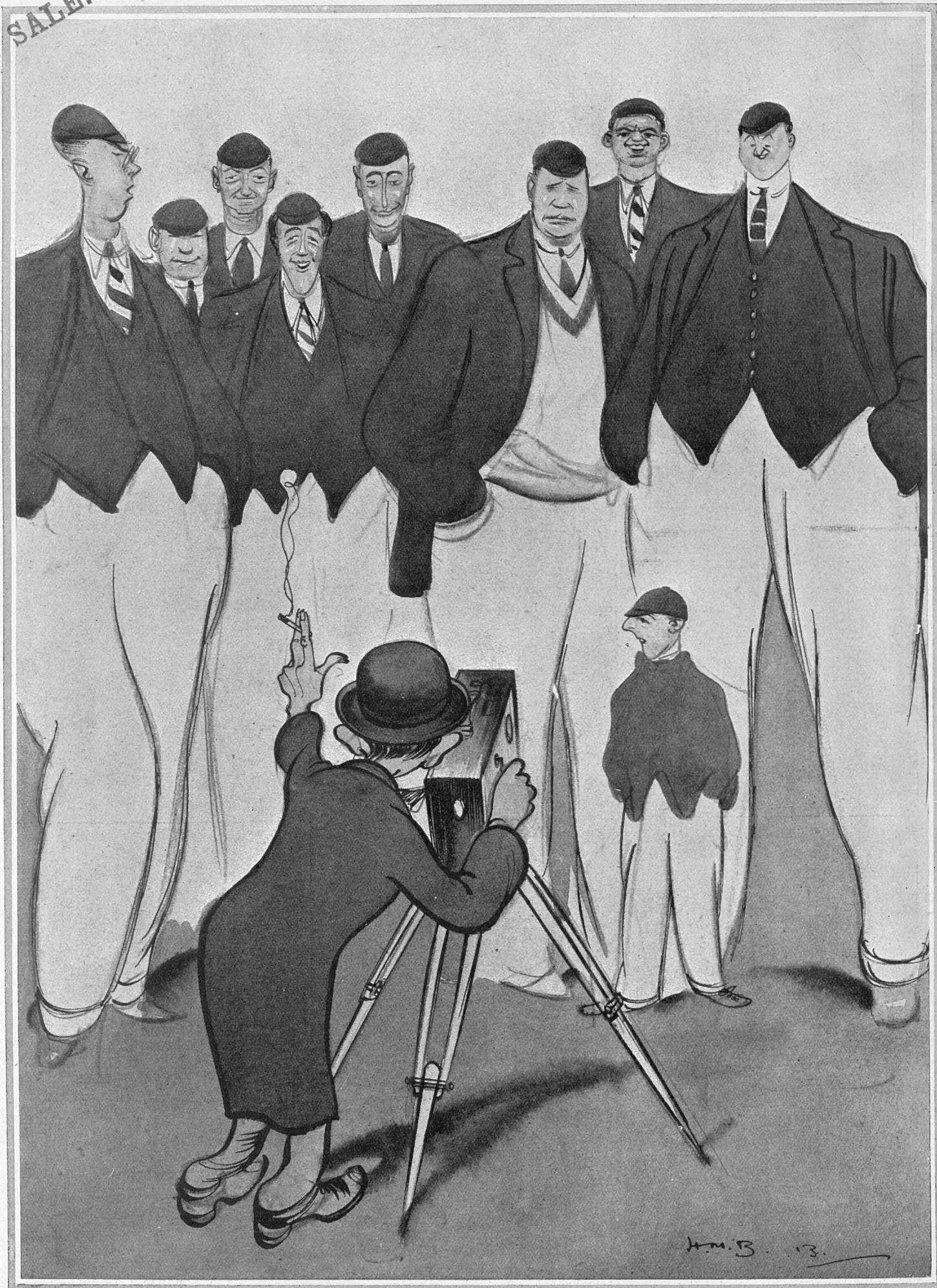
At the Monte Carlo Lawn-Tennis Tournament, Messrs. F. W. Rahe and H. Kleinschroth beat Messrs. A. F. Wilding and R. Kleinschroth in the final of the Gentlemen's Open Doubles. In the Gentlemen's Open Singles (Monte Carlo Championship), Mr. A. F. Wilding beat Mr. F. Poulin, after having beaten M. Max Decugis, the French champion, in the semi-finals. In the final of the Open Mixed Doubles, Mr. A. F. Wilding and Miss E. Ryan beat Mr. A. Wallis Myers and Miss J. Tripp. In the final of the Ladies' Open Singles, Mrs. O'Neill beat Miss E. Ryan. In the semi-finals of the same event, Miss Ryan beat Miss J. Tripp, the holder. In the third round of the Gentlemen's Open Singles, Mr. C. W. Murray was beaten by M. Max Decugis. In the first round of the Open Mixed Doubles, Fräulein E. Kribben and Mr. F. W. Rahe were beaten by Mme. Decugis and M. Decugis.—[Photographs by Navello.]

## THE CREWS CARICATURED : THE OXFORD EIGHT.

A. H. M. WEDDERBURN. H. K. WARD. C. L. BAILLIEU.  
R. P. HANKINSON. E. R. BURGESS.

L. G. WORMALD.  
E. D. HORSFALL. A. F. R. WIGGINS.

FOR SALE.



H. B. WELLS.

## ATTENTION FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER — AND THE ARTIST ! OXFORD.

When Mr. Bateman made this caricature, the composition of the Oxford crew was: E. R. Burgess (Eton and Magdalen), bow; C. L. Baillieu (Melbourne University and Magdalen), 2; R. P. Hankinson (Winchester and New College), 3; H. K. Ward (New South Wales and New College), 4; A. H. M. Wedderburn (Eton and Balliol), 5; A. F. R. Wiggins (Eton and New College), 6; L. G. Wormald (Eton and Magdalen), 7; E. D. Horsfall (Eton and Magdalen), stroke; and H. B. Wells (Winchester and Magdalen), cox. Wedderburn, Wiggins, Wormald, Horsfall, and Wells are old Blues.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## THE CREWS CARICATURED: THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT.

W. M. ASKWITH.

S. E. SWANN.

R. S. SHOVE.

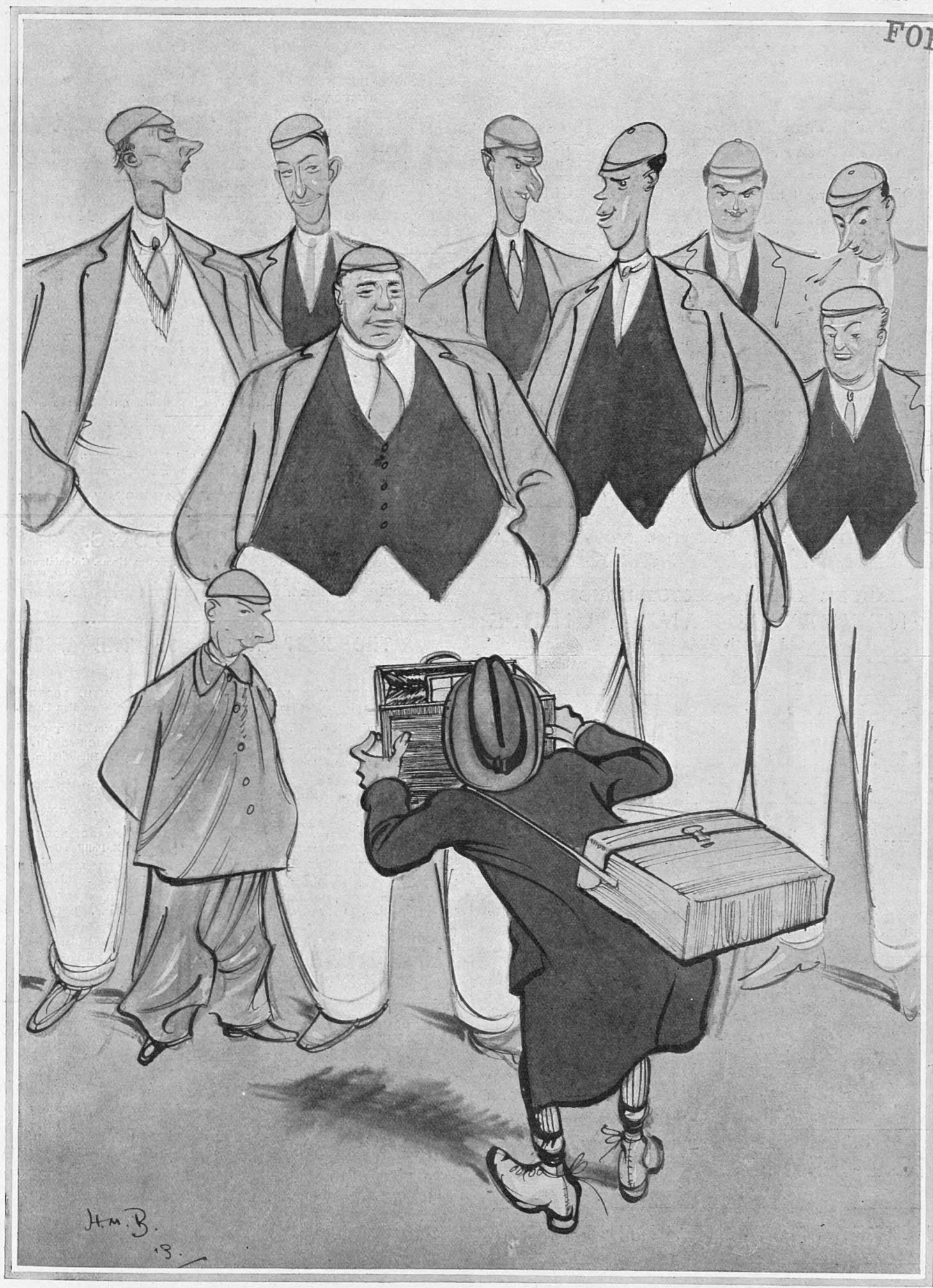
G. E. TOWER.

C. E. V. BUXTON.

C. S. CLARK.

H. ROPER.

G. A. FISHER.



L. E. RIDLEY.

## ATTENTION FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER — AND THE ARTIST! CAMBRIDGE.

When Mr. Bateman made this caricature, the composition of the Cambridge crew was: G. A. Fisher (Winchester and Jesus), bow; S. E. Swann (Rugby and Trinity Hall), 2; H. Roper (Blundell's and Sidney Sussex), 3; W. M. Askwith (Bedford and Corpus), 4; C. S. Clark (Bedford and Pembroke), 5; R. S. Shove (Uppingham and First Trinity), 6; C. E. V. Buxton (Eton and Third Trinity), 7; G. E. Tower (Eton and Third Trinity), stroke; and L. E. Ridley (Eastbourne and Jesus), cox. Swann and Shove are old Blues.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## GARRICK.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

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RIVIERA	31	161 1	113 1	— C
ROME	33	182 7	130 2	91 11 D
MADRID	15	183 3	133 6	— A

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

A STRANGE play, a compound of antiquated methods and modern ideas, is "Her Side of the House," at the Aldwych Theatre.

Mr. Lechmere Worrall and Miss Atté Hall have some quaint and original things to say about love, marriage, and such matters, and there is a vein of cynical criticism running through their work; but they have shown little skill in the handling of the old theme of the wife who marries without love, and is brought to reason at the end of the last act. For such a theme great skill indeed is required, lest it be merely tiresome and slightly unpleasant; and the authors in this case have not avoided unnatural dialogue and threadbare stage tricks. However, there were moments when the play touched upon realities and held the audience. The little wife who learnt experience in her own way by testing the characters of her lover and her husband was an interesting, and at times entertaining, though hardly possible, figure; and she was played brightly by Miss Dulce Musgrave, who, with more experience, may develop into a clever actress. At present she is in the making. Mr. Spencer Trevor was a most amusing old Duke; and the husband and lover were well played by Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Mr. Harold Deacon.

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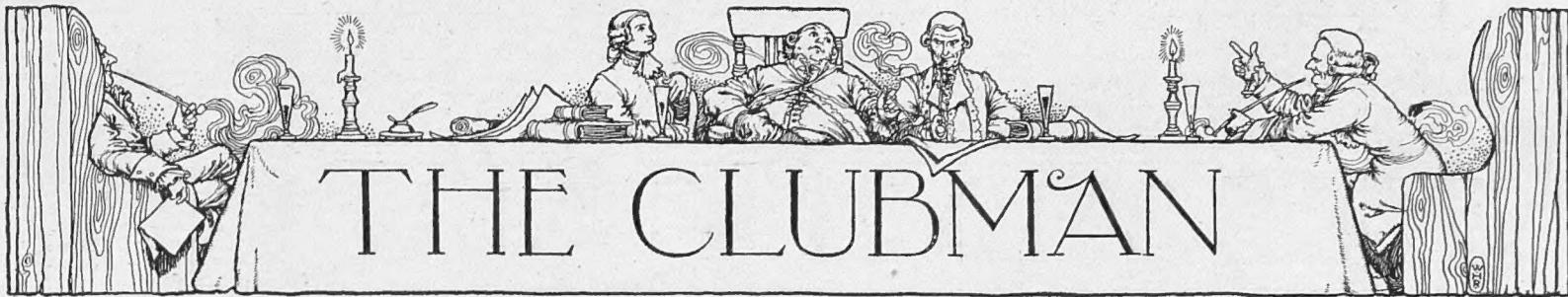
## SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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AMERICAN CLUBMEN—FRENCH CONSCRIPTS—BRITISH DIRIGIBLES—GOOD LEADS BY CAMBRIDGE AND EARL GREY.

**The Chevy Chase Club.**

It hardly seems to me to have been a graceful act on the part of the new President of the United States to decline the membership of the Chevy Chase Club, a very exclusive American club, which was offered him on his becoming President. This kind of honour is offered more to the office a man holds than to him personally, and Dr. Wilson's reply that if he wished to come up before the club for election he would do so in the usual manner showed that he did not understand one side of club etiquette. I never yet heard of an Ambassador to the Court of St. James's who refused membership of the Marlborough Club, and I should imagine that there are very few, if any, Conservative M.P.s who do not take advantage of their right to become members of the Carlton Club. At one time all M.F.H.s became members of Boodle's Club, but I fancy that this custom has rather fallen into abeyance.

**The French Soldier.** The men in the French Army for whom I am feeling sorry are those who are just completing

their second year's service, and who expected in a month or two to go back to the vineyards or the corn-lands or the cities, and who now, under the law that the Chamber is going to pass, will be called upon to serve yet another year. The one-year men and the recruits—the "bleus," as they are called in the army—were not looking forward to an immediate release from the very hard work that a French soldier goes through, and the disappointment will not be so keen to them. I often chat, when I am in France, with an ex-Dragoon, who tells me that when he leaves his comfortable civilian billet to go back for twenty-eight days' training, he finds the work very hard indeed. A week ago, being in Vincennes, I saw some sections of an infantry regiment returning to the barracks after an endurance trial of route-marching, and the men were as nearly done as any soldiers I have ever seen. The French soldier, when he is route-marching, does not keep step, but gets over the ground in a "go-as-you-please" fashion, and this adds, when the men have done a very long march, to their worn-out appearance.

**The Auxiliary Air Fleet.**

Mr. Claud Grahame White has, I think, hit the right nail on the head in suggesting that the British Government should subsidise an auxiliary fleet of air-vessels which could be used in time of war. I doubt if air-vessels will be utilised just at present for regular mail service, for "wind and weather permitting" applies to them even more than it does to ships that sail the sea. But we might with advantage look to Germany for an example in this matter.

At Oos, near Baden-Baden, at Lucerne, and I daresay in the neighbourhood of other summer resorts, there are big air-ship sheds, and in these, during the summer season, Zeppelin air-ships take up their abode and carry tourists over the country on every day that is fine. During the winter these ships are available for instruction of air pilots, and in time of war, being owned by German firms, they would be at the service of Germany. An air-ship shed on Brighton Downs, one on the Stray at Harrogate, and another at Kendal, or some Lake centre, occur to me at the moment as suitable. Quite a number of the general public have gone up in aeroplanes, but the number of English people who have sailed over country in a dirigible must be very small, and these trips would be as popular here as they are in Germany and Switzerland.

**Cambridge and Universal Service.**

All honour to Cambridge in proposing to lead the way in making military training one of the subjects in which a Varsity man must qualify before he obtains his B.A. Amongst the hard things that have

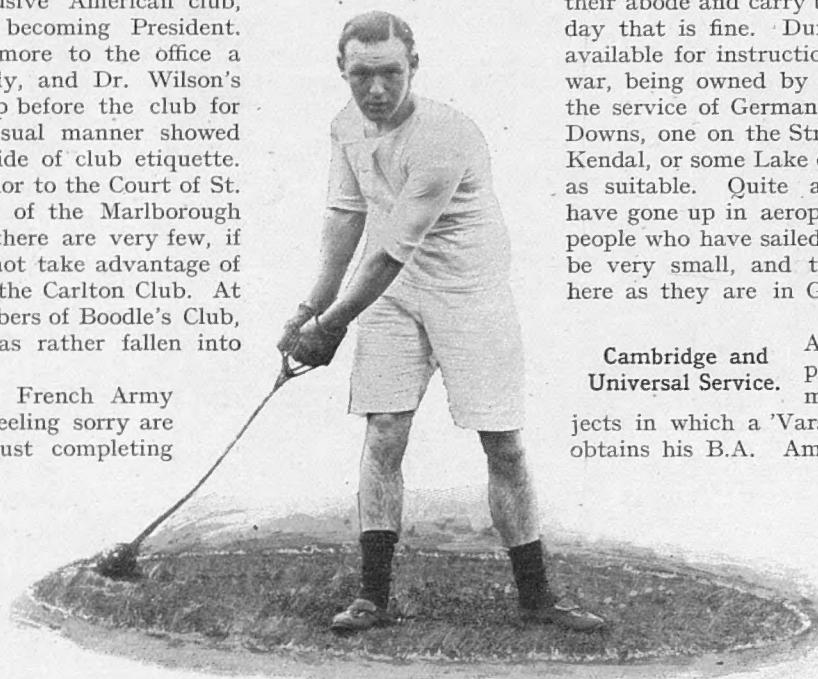
been said of our well-to-do classes is that they think the classes a little lower in the social scale than themselves should be trained to defend the country, but that there is no necessity for the gentleman to curtail his hunting and cricket, golf and racquets, to learn how to throw out outposts or entrench on the field of battle. When "The Englishman's Home," that patriotic play, was produced,

it was said that it firmly convinced everybody in the stalls that all the people in the gallery ought to join the colours. If the other Universities all over Great Britain join in the movement, a large proportion of the gentlemen of England will have received a grounding in the art of war, and many of them will of a certainty find out the open-air delights that there are in lying on a sunshiny day close hidden on the downs and watching the enemy's attack develop, and the pleasure there is in that last short rush, cheering,

and with bayonets fixed, when an enemy's position has to be taken by storm.

**The Aldwych Site.**

Earl Grey is doing a patriotic deed as a citizen of London in taking an option for three years on the vacant Aldwych site and risking £3000 a year in so doing. No doubt, if the Cape and New Zealand and Canada fall into line and adopt Earl Grey's suggestion, a fine block of buildings will spring up in London's central desert, and the young men with their hands in their pockets who talk about emigration and look into the windows where the produce of the different states is exhibited will, instead of roaming the Strand and Parliament Street, concentrate on Aldwych.



A PROMINENT CAMBRIDGE ATHLETE: MR. J. G. SCOTT (GLENALMOND AND PEMBROKE), OF THROWING - THE - HAMMER FAME.

Mr. Scott won Throwing the Hammer at the recent Cambridge University Sports, with a throw of 108 ft. 10½ in. With an exhibition throw he did 111 ft. 7 in.

was said that it firmly convinced everybody in the stalls that all the people in the gallery ought to join the colours. If the other Universities all over Great Britain join in the movement, a large proportion of the gentlemen of England will have received a grounding in the art of war, and many of them will of a certainty find out the open-air delights that there are in lying on a sunshiny day close hidden on the downs and watching the enemy's attack develop, and the pleasure there is in that last short rush, cheering,



MR. H. S. O. ASHINGTON  
(HARROW AND KING'S).

MR. R. E. ATKINSON  
(SEDBERGH AND EMMANUEL).

MR. D. GORDON DAVIES  
(SHREWSBURY & DOWNING). MR. C. N. LOWE  
(DULWICH AND PEMBROKE).

UNIVERSITY MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEIR MARK IN SPORT: CAMBRIDGE ATHLETES.

At the recent Cambridge University Sports, Mr. D. Gordon Davies won the 100 yards in 10 1-5 sec., and the Quarter Mile in 49 4-5 sec. Mr. H. S. O. Ashington won the High Jump with 5 ft. 6½ in., the 120 yards Hurdles in 16 1-5 sec., and the Long Jump with 21 ft. 1 in. Mr. C. N. Lowe won the Half-Mile in 2 min. 1-5 sec. Mr. R. E. Atkinson won the Three Miles in 15 min. 12 4-5 sec.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



# SMALL TALK

LADY BEAUCHAMP hastened to correct the report that her dinner and reception were "official." This she did for several reasons. In the first place, her date had not been chosen to fit into the official programme of social events, and would have clashed with another Liberal gathering. In the second place, why spread a wet blanket over your dining-table? Lady Beauchamp is a busy Liberal hostess, but she would rather leave that reputation behind her than have it thought that all her dinners must be political. The tea-parties and "At Homes" of members of the Cabinet must necessarily be steeped in the departmental atmosphere. Politics sometimes offer a plausible inducement for good company to come together, but Lady Beauchamp never allows party gossip to monopolise her talkers. Even Government "secrets" she forbids — unless they are amusing.

*At Mrs. Harcourt's* March, the month of Mrs. Lewis Harcourt's

"At Homes," came in

with several Colonial lions at the first of her "afternoons" in Berkeley Square. Though far from his diocese, the Bishop of North Queensland found many friends; while Mr.

William Gillett, who strolled round from the Bachelors' Club, found himself, for once in a way, in a drawing-room where at least half the company was unknown to him. Mrs. Lulu Harcourt has a delightful manner of welcoming the Colonial Secretary's official acquaintance. Perhaps, as an American, she knows the needs of the English-speaking

Lord Lincolnshire. Much the same thing is said when he is described as "a marquess and a smith" — the solitary smith among the marquesses. His great supporter in the love for an acre and a cow is Lady Lincolnshire, whose butter and cheese have won public tributes from the man who puts them to the daily test of his table — Lord Lincolnshire himself. The King could have found no fitter tenant for Bushy Lodge, a small holding quite after Lord Lincolnshire's heart.

*The P.M. and the M.P.s.*

The House loves a Member who plainly shows he has no love for the House; and the Hon. Francis McLaren, the seconder of the Address, is very popular at Westminster. The least professional of speakers, he is one of the most engaging. Perhaps his indifference to the routine of Party is the indifference of familiarity. He is in the Family Circle. A son of Lord and Lady Aberconway, he married a daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll and sister of Mrs. McKenna; with the P.M. himself he is connected through Mrs. Raymond Asquith; and Sir Henry Norman is another of the related Liberals. Mr. McLaren reverses the poet's judgment on the House, that it is an assembly of Eton boys grown heavy. Although he looks young enough for an Eton jacket, his manner is more light-hearted than would be thought quite proper by any self-respecting public schoolboy.

*The Court Painter.*

Mr. John Lavery is producing in the studio at the Palace the least



TO MARRY MR. DONALD VAN DEN BERGH ON THE 12TH MISS NORAH GILBERT SAMUEL.

Miss Norah Samuel is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Samuel, of 32, Sloane Gardens, and a niece of the Postmaster-General. Mr. Donald Van den Berg is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van den Berg, of 8, Kensington Palace Gardens, and Broadwater Court, Tunbridge Wells.

*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*

RECENTLY PRESENTED AT COURT SINCE HER HUSBAND'S KNIGHTHOOD: LADY WILLIAMS TAYLOR.

Lady Williams Taylor is the wife of Sir Frederick Williams Taylor, the London manager of the Bank of Montreal, and one of the best known and most popular Canadians in this country. He received his knighthood among the New Year honours. Lady Williams Taylor was presented at Court on Feb. 21.

*Photograph by Walter Barnett.*

stranger in London. And her neighbours were really neighbourly, Lady Crewe and Lady Granard, among the rest, lending her their invaluable support. Liberal women with drawing-rooms and the diplomatic entertaining spirit are a sufficiently small body to be united in the spirit; and "one good turn deserves another" is their motto when they climb each other's stairs among a somewhat alien crowd.

*Lincolnshire Butter.* "A grand seigneur and great democrat" was one attempt at a definition of



A ROYAL FRIEND OF FRIENDLESS GIRLS: PRINCESS CHRISTIAN (ON THE LEFT) LEAVING LONDONDERRY HOUSE AFTER OPENING THE MAYFAIR UNION SALE.

Princess Christian opened the Mayfair Union Sale, which began at Londonderry House on the 5th., in aid of a number of homes for friendless girls. The photograph shows her Royal Highness, who bought several articles, leaving the house, accompanied by Miss Hay Drummond, the Hon. Secretary. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein is, of course, a daughter of Queen Victoria, and an aunt of King George.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*



WINNER OF THE 'VARSITY GRIND IN THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY POINT-TO-POINTS: MR. J. R. C. RAWNSLEY ON SPORTING CHANCE.'

The Oxford University Point-to-Point Races took place at Stratton Audley, near Oxford, on Feb. 28.

*Photograph by Topical.*

photographic of royal groups. But, for all that, he has something of the photographer in his composition. His many anecdotes of a surprising past include adventures in a dark room, and wonderful exploits in the service of a master who discovered his genius for touching-up. Perhaps Mr. Lavery has forgotten the exact details, but it would seem that he was not able, at one time, to preserve his last shilling as a memento of an exciting period in an exciting career. Now, in the days of his great prosperity, he likes to think and to talk of the old exigencies.

## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. E. R. BURGESS—FOR BEING THE OXFORD BOW.



MR. C. L. BAILLIEU—FOR BEING THE OXFORD TWO.



MR. R. P. HANKINSON—FOR BEING THE OXFORD THREE.



MR. H. K. WARD—FOR BEING THE OXFORD FOUR.



MR. A. H. M. WEDDERBURN—FOR BEING THE OXFORD FIVE.



MR. A. F. R. WIGGINS—FOR BEING THE OXFORD SIX.



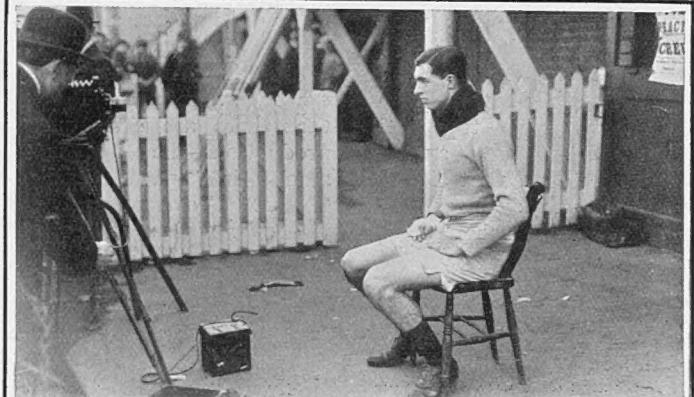
MR. L. G. WORMALD—FOR BEING THE OXFORD SEVEN.



MR. E. D. HORSFALL—FOR BEING THE OXFORD STROKE.



MR. H. B. WELLS—FOR BEING THE OXFORD COX.



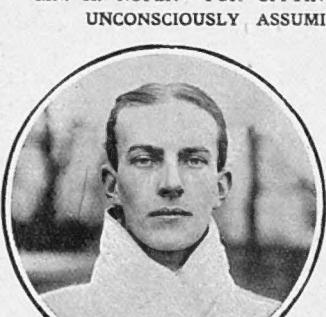
MR. H. ROPER—FOR SITTING TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND UNCONSCIOUSLY ASSUMING A BATEMAN ATTITUDE.



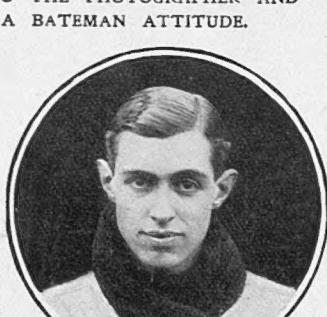
MR. L. E. RIDLEY—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE COX.



MR. G. A. FISHER—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE BOW.



MR. S. E. SWANN—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE TWO.



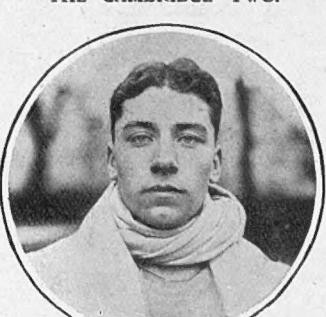
MR. H. ROPER—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE THREE.



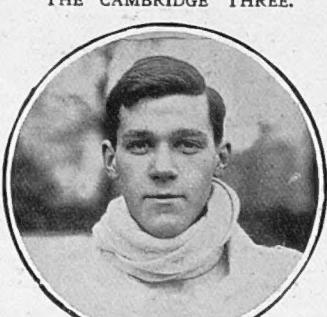
MR. W. M. ASKWITH—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE FOUR.



MR. C. S. CLARK—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE FIVE.



MR. R. S. SHOVE—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE SIX.



MR. C. E. V. BUXTON—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE SEVEN.



MR. G. E. TOWER—FOR BEING THE CAMBRIDGE STROKE.

We give here the crews and their respective places in the boats which it was presumed on Monday last, the 10th, that they would occupy in the race next Thursday. The photograph of Mr. H. Roper, in the centre of this page, is of particular interest from the fact that Mr. Bateman, in caricaturing the crews, made photographers prominent figures.

Photographs by Sport and General—that in the centre by Fullwood.



FUNNY AS EVER AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS: THE PINERO FARCE OF 1886.

The Reminiscent Critics.

theatre who thinks it worth while to study its critics. We have revelled in reminiscences, and very few have escaped using the

"poor Miss Norreys"; in mentioning which I am not without respect for an actress of great charm and much talent, torn from us by what seemed a particularly cruel twist of destiny. The comparisons I have read! the recollections of the first night at the Court in 1886! the memories of Arthur Cecil and John Clayton and Mrs. John Wood! Indeed, half of us have written on the *cheu fugaces* line, and the rest on the

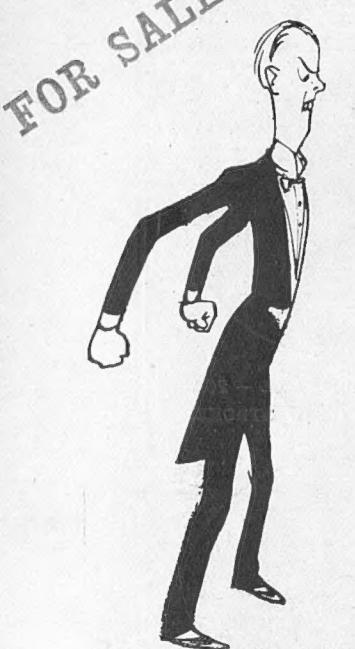
*tempora mutantur*. The humour is that, to my knowledge, some of those who have made base comparisons with the original first night were really, in 1886, at the stage in life during which marbles, tip-cat, peg-top and whipping-top and prisoners' base appeal successfully: that is to say, before even public-school-days, when such childish things are put away. The utility of this retrospective method of writing is not obvious, and I do not propose to indulge in it, though my title is indisputable, since

former times. I wonder, and don't remember, though I, too, was at the Court. Everybody must feel that there ought to be some cutting, but apparently Sir Arthur Pinero has been firm: perhaps some will call him Sir Pontius Pinero. At the bottom of my mid-Victorian soul I believe that the play went better at the Court, because it was played faster. Proof is impossible, but I think most observers will agree with me that for a long time past there has been a steady slackening of the pace in the orthodox theatres. How Sir Charles Wyndham used to rattle through farces! The phrase, common in the old comedies—which were really farces—"an agreeable rattle," might have been coined for him. Then one had no time to think, but now during "The Schoolmistress" there is time and a little to spare. And during that little bit over the play pauses. One wants rather more oxygen in the performance; I should like to have the experiment of Jules Verne's "Doctor Ox" tried upon our farces. Do they read Jules Verne in our days? I suppose not. They did in 1886. If I were a producer—I might just as well say, *si j'étais roi*—I should imitate the famous sea-beach orator, whose name I forget, and say that there are three qualities in farce-production—the first is "pace," the second is "pace," and the third is "pace." As a journalist, I might put the letter "s" each time at the beginning.

The Performance. Really, the farce is very funny most of the time. Far-fetched, no doubt, but rich in comic invention, in quaint conceits and droll phrases; there is much to make anybody laugh heartily. One cannot often say this of a farce. And it is laughter without a leer—clean, merry laughter at wild fun that does not descend to tomfoolery.

The play is boisterous, yet always has at least a trace of intellectuality; apart from the time-beating passages, it has the cumulative effect which distinguishes the best farce. Putting aside the matter of pace that I have already dealt with, we had an admirable performance. There may be too great a tendency to comedy in the much-admired work of Miss Winifred Emery as the schoolmistress, where, personally, at moments I found a note of pathos. Miss Hilda Trevelyan has been charged with over-emphasis: I do not agree, I think she gave a brilliant piece of broad comedy. Mr. Edmund Gwenn was altogether funny as the fog-horn Admiral. Mr. Dion Boucicault's study of Vere Queckett was very ingenious, highly polished, and one wondered all the time why it was not a little funnier. Miss Gwynne Herbert was quite excellent in the first act as the Admiral's wife, but less effective when she bullied the old sea-dog. The costumes produce a queer effect; but I should like evidence as to whether Miss Emery's dance is not an anachronism—I don't mean the comic-opera costume. And something more becoming should be found for Miss Hilda Trevelyan, even, if necessary, at a sacrifice of truth, which in such matters is not of vast importance. Moreover, the frocks

of the other girls were quite pretty. And could Mr. Vere Queckett have got such a prodigious collection of cigars under the circumstances, even if he had patronised home industries?—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID

THE JEALOUS REGINALD PAULOVER (MR. STAFFORD HILLIARD): Have you been looking at my wife, Sir?

MR. JOHN SAUNDERS (MASTER C. SAINT-EVE): Oh, no! Just dropped off to sleep and dreamed of mamma.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

by 1886 I had put away childish things for many years, and, indeed, had even abandoned golf for the best part of two decades—to take it up again lately—no doubt a symptom of senile decay. The solid question is, do we find "The Schoolmistress" amusing in our days? There is no real question of change in fashion, as some pretend: in serious comedy soliloquies and asides are out of mode; in farce they are like "damns," which, according to our old friend Bob Acres, "have had their day," but still flourish. Within the last two years we have had several successful farces, not a rap more modern than the play now revived at the Vaudeville, and not half as ingenious and witty.

The Pace that Kills. If I were a member of Lloyd's, the most glorious gambling establishment of our land, superior, in my opinion, to the Stock Exchange or the bucket-shops, or the polite baccarat-hells of the West End, I should feel a bit puzzled about the rate for insuring the success of "The Schoolmistress," and I should be curious as to the lead given by "the l'braries." Very much of the play is altogether jolly and amusing, and apparently bound to draw all London, yet there are periods of indecision in the second act; they coincide curiously with moments of intentional indecision by the characters. One feels that the play is beating time, and it beats a bit too much. Moreover, in the early stages of the third, we all got a bit chilled. The old birds said that this happened in the



HUSBAND AND WIFE: THE HON. VERA QUECKETT (MR. DION BOUCICAULT) AND MISS DYOTT (MISS WINIFRED EMERY).

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



WITH THE LARK PUDDING: TYLER (MR. ARCHIE McCAGI), THE FIREWORK-LOVING PAGE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE SCHOOLMISTRESS."



## THE DOINGS OF PEGGY HESSLERIGGE: THE REVIVED PINERO FARCE, AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Sir Arthur Pinero's farce, "The Schoolmistress," was revived at the Vaudeville the other day, and is played in the dress of its period—1885. In the top drawing are Mr. Dion Boucicault as the Hon. Vere Quckett and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Rear-Admiral Archibald Rankling. In the bottom drawing are Mr. Dion Boucicault and Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Peggy Hesslerigge.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# IN THE GREAT WORLD

## THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR

## AND PRINCESS LICHNOWSKY.

FOR the moment London is very much aware of the Ambassadors. When they meet in conclave with Sir Edward Grey, we have the satisfactory feeling that St. James's is the headquarters of the world's affairs. Mr. Garvin has said as much. Certainly, it is long since we have been so fully alive to the business side of the Embassies; their Excellencies have been at work. But conclaves, work, and the bill-posters are apt to give a false notion of the Ambassadorial office, which is not, in the first place, to be engaged with the niceties of Peace-work in European Turkey. Prince and Princess Lichnowsky came here with plans for a campaign of goodwill, not in the Balkan States, but in Carlton House Terrace.

**The Sphere of Work.** Years ago Count Paul Wolff-Metternich was congratulated on a remarkably wise and tactful speech upon the necessity for friendly relations between Germany and England. Since then many other speeches have been made to the same purpose. It would be too brave a thing to say that they have sufficed. The crude tempers of the people at large are not affected by speeches made by a foreign count. An Ambassador's influence is among his own kind, courtiers and politicians, among such men as he meets at table. Prince and Princess Lichnowsky's dinners are already famous!

**The Conspiracy of Friendship.** This week the Prince and Princess dine with Mr. and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt, and the Home Secretary is of the company. There is no single Minister who is not in the conspiracy of friendship. Nor does it end with the Government. To say (as it has been said) that Prince Lichnowsky and Mr. Bonar Law bear a strong resemblance one to another has not, to my mind, any foundation in fact or feature; and a likeness, at the best, is a disconcerting thing. But, despite

Marschall von Bieberstein was making friends, and died. He spent a fortnight in London, and forthwith made himself indispensable at every dinner-party in the radius. He took in his surroundings in the time that it takes the expert to master the wine-list at a restaurant. Prince Lichnowsky had no ambition for such swift dealing. But for all that, within a fortnight of his coming, London decided for him that he, too, was indispensable.

**Mummy and the Mummies.** Princess Lichnowsky brought with her to England the proofs of a new book, and the cares of a young family. The subjects of her literary work have been Egypt and little children; and she does not hesitate to tell the Egyptologist that the problems of the nursery are much more interesting than those of the Great Pyramid. The problems of the menu, whether interesting or not, are those that are now keeping her busy. The printers have been obliged to wait for the proofs; and while it would be too much to say that she has neglected the junior members of the family, it is quite true that she has not yet been able to visit the antiquities in the British Museum. She has paid hundreds of visits since her arrival, but none to mummies—at least, none to Museum mummies.

ENTERTAINER OF THE KING AND QUEEN  
THE OTHER DAY: PRINCE LICHNOWSKY,  
THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

Charles Max, Prince Lichnowsky, the new German Ambassador to this country, who entertained the King and Queen to dinner the other evening, is fifty-three, and the head of an old Silesian family. He is the son of the late Prince Charles Lichnowsky and Marie, Princess of Croy-Dülmen. Some seven-and-twenty years ago he was an attaché at the German Embassy here.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

**His English.** Prince Bülow, a fine speaker and graceful writer, a Member of the Upper House of the German Diet, and a large landowner, the Prince has every qualification for a high diplomatic career. London has forgotten, but he has not, the year he spent here in his youth as military attaché; even then he spoke good English. To-day his accent is, like the Kaiser's, perfect, and is the more noticeably so because we have grown accustomed to the notion that the German tongue and larynx are never wholly converted to the mannerisms of this island. Among the Kaiser's own relatives, even after lifelong residence in England, the gutturals of the Fatherland keep their hold with delightful obstinacy.

**Pedigree and the Piano.** Polish blood accounts for the amenable linguistic faculty of the German Ambassador, and for an aspect far from typical of the ordinary Berliner. Fifty-three years old, and young in feature and carriage for his age, he has by training acquired the national aptitude and habit for work. His prose is finished almost to a fault; he never writes a letter that does not seem to invite publication. Like his wife, he is an active musician, and though the family Erard, often used by Beethoven, is left in his Silesian castle, he brings with him a large knowledge of ancient and modern music. The Princess—who, by the way, is considerably her husband's junior—is an easily recognisable figure at Covent Garden.

**Welcome!** As Catholics, the Prince and Princess refrain from the gayer social events during Lent. A few grave German songs made the only "side-show" at their dinner-party to the King and Queen. But everything points to them as the great entertainers of the near future. The disappearance of the Whitelaw Reids from Park Lane and the threatened departure of Mme. de Villa Urrutia, taken with the wifelessness of M. Cambon, and the consequent disabilities of the French Embassy, all mark out the Prince and Princess as leaders in the Ambassadorial world. There is no one more welcome!



PRINCESS LICHNOWSKY, WIFE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

The Princess, who was married in 1904, was known before that as Mechtild Countess Arco-Zinneberg. She has two sons and a daughter. Not long ago she published a book on Egypt, with illustrations by herself; and she has in hand one on children. She paints, plays, and sings well.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

the suggestion, the most cordial terms exist between the Ambassador and the leaders of the Opposition, and between Londonderry House and the German Embassy there has already been an exchange of many civilities.

**The Immediate Success.** When they arrived in England, neither Prince nor Princess Lichnowsky anticipated the completeness or suddenness of their success. Count von Metternich had friends, and hardly cared to make more; Baron

## AT THE K.R.R. MEETING: POINT-TO-POINT PERSONALITIES.



1. WINNER OF THE "CELER ET AUDAX" CUP, AND OF THE K.R.R. CORPS, PAST AND PRESENT: MR. ULRIC THYNNE.

2. A STUDY IN FURS: MR. AND MRS. ULRIC THYNNE.

3. LADY WILMA LAWSON.

4. BRIGADIER-GENERAL THE HON. E. J. MONTAGU-STUART-WORTLEY.

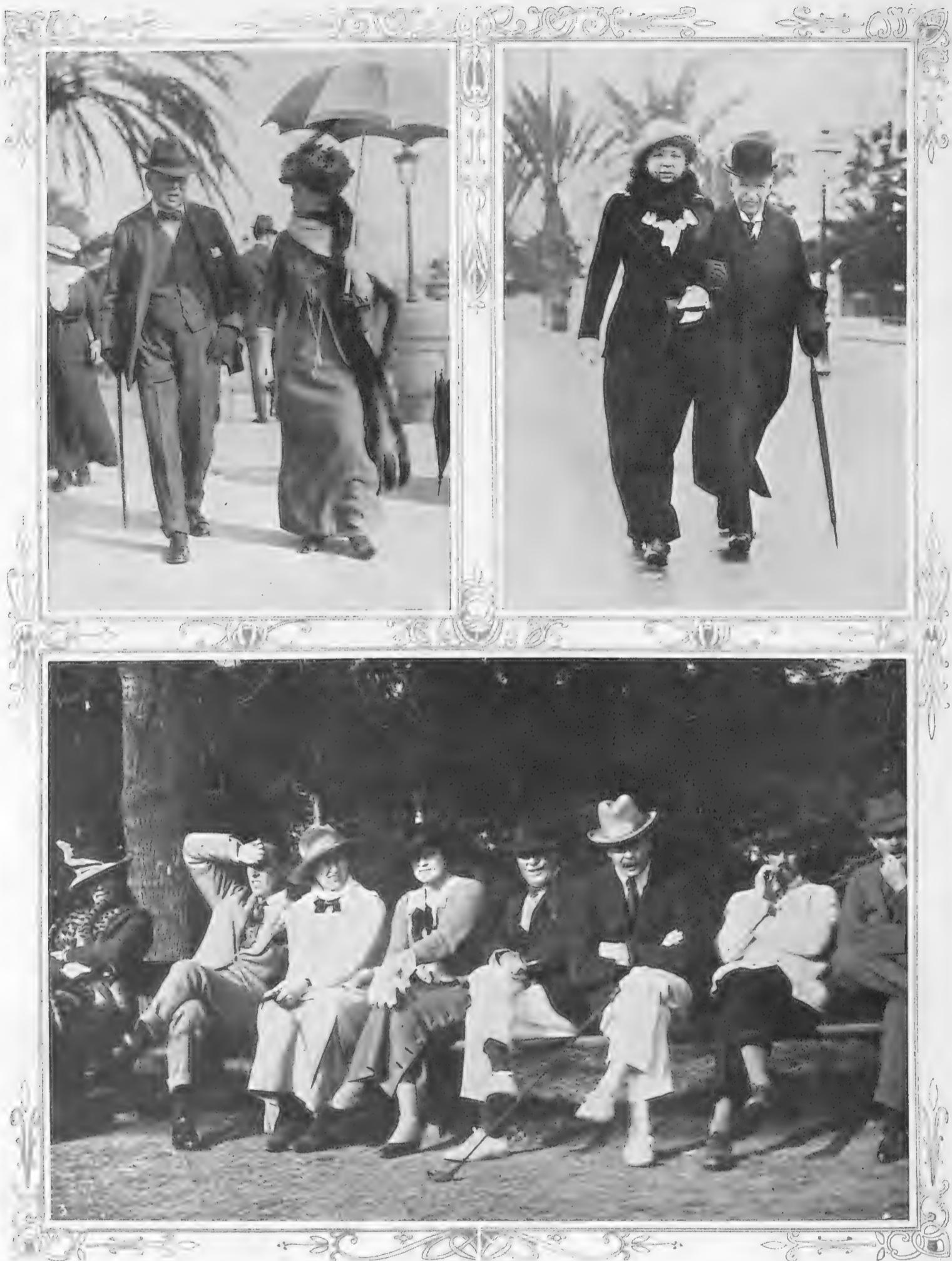
5. GENERAL LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR AND LADY GEORGE SEYMOUR.

6. ROYALTY AT THE K.R.R. POINT-TO-POINTS: PRINCES MAURICE AND LEOPOLD OF BATTENBERG.

7. SPILT—AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-NINE: SIR CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

The King's Royal Rifles Point-to-Points were held last week at Farringdon, near Alton. The K.R.R. Corps light-weight was won by Mr. P. G. R. Currie's Belinda (Mr. B. W. Jackson); the K.R.R. heavy-weight, by Mr. G. V. H. Gough's Googerat (Mr. B. W. Jackson); the "Celer et Audax" Cup, by Mr. Ulric Thynne's Fanciboy (Owner); and the K.R.R. Corps, Past and Present, by Mr. Ulric Thynne's Rubano (Owner).—Lady Wilma Lawson is the only surviving daughter of the fifth Earl of Radnor. In 1889, she married the second Earl of Lathom, who died in 1910. In 1912, she married Major-General Henry Meyrick Lawson, C.B.—Brigadier-General the Hon. Edward James Montagu-Stuart-Wortley is the eldest of the three brothers of the Earl of Wharncliffe.—General Lord William Seymour, great-uncle of the Marquess of Hertford, was formerly a midshipman in the Navy. In 1855 he entered the Coldstreams, and served in the Crimea in 1856, and in Egypt in 1882.—Before her marriage, in 1906, Lady George Seymour, wife of the youngest of Lord Hertford's brothers, was known as Miss Norah Skipwith. She is the daughter of the late Archibald Peyton Skipwith.—Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, who was born in April 1847, is the fourth baronet of a creation dating from 1805. He is well known as a sportsman.—[Photographs by Topical and Illustrations Bureau]

## THE SUN-SEEKERS: SOCIETY ON THE RIVIERA.



1. MR. AND MRS. GEORGE COATS, AT MONTE CARLO.

2. PRINCE AND PRINCESS BATTHYANY-STRATTMANN, AT CANNES.

3. ON THE LINKS AT CANNES: LADY JULIET DUFF, LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER, MR. ANTHONY DREXEL, LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER, AND CAPTAIN HIBBERT.

Mr. George Coats, a director of the famous cotton firm, is a J.P. for Ayrshire. In 1879, he married Miss Margaret Lotbain Black. His residences are Belleisle, Ayr; Forest of Glen Tanar, Aboyne; Burton Hall, Melton Mowbray; and Hill Street, Berkeley Square.—H.S.H. Edmund Batthyany-Strattmann, Prince and Count of the Holy Roman Empire, is also a Hereditary Member of the Hungarian Upper House; Hereditary titular Ban of Croatia and Lord Lieutenant of County Eisenburg; member of the Chamber of Nobles in Upper and Lower Austria, Moravia, and Carinthia; Prince in Bohemia; Imperial Austrian Chamberlain and Privy Councillor. He was born in 1826. In 1901, he married Amelia Holzmann, who was born in Vienna in 1875. He was the first foreigner and Roman Catholic admitted to Eton.—Lady Juliet Duff is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale.—Lord Alastair Innes-Ker is the elder of the Duke of Roxburghe's brothers. In 1907, he married Miss Anne Breese, of New York.—

Mr. Anthony Drexel's daughter Margaretta is Viscountess Maidstone, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Winchilsea.—[Photographs by Topical.]

## THE SUN-SEEKERS: SOCIETY ON THE RIVIERA.



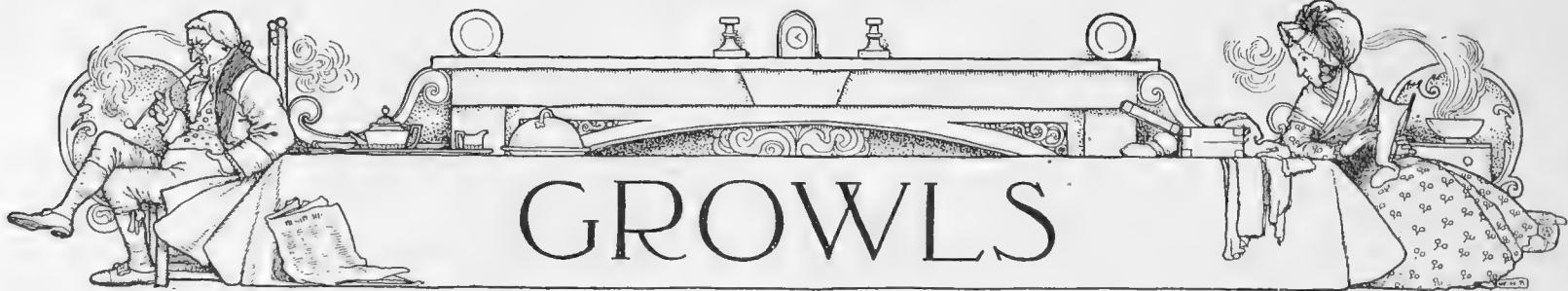
1. MISS MURIEL WILSON AND CAPTAIN FITZGERALD, AT MONTE CARLO.

2. THE HON. LIONEL AND MRS. WALROND, AT MONTE CARLO.

3. UNTRROUBLED—SAVE BY BAGGAGE! MR. LLOYD GEORGE ASSISTING WITH HIS LUGGAGE DURING HIS CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.

Miss Muriel Wilson is so well known in Society that she calls for no comment here.—The Hon. Lionel Walrond is the only son of Lord Walrond, and was born in May 1876. He is well known as a Parliamentarian. In 1904, he married Miss Charlotte Coats, daughter of Mr. George Coats.—Mr. Lloyd George's Continental holiday consisted of a motor tour in company with Sir Charles Henry, M.P., the first Baronet, whose title dates from 1911.

*Photographs by Topical.*



## OUR UNCULTURED CONSTABULARY: A FUTURE FOR THE 'VARSITIES.

I WAS walking along the street last Sunday, plunged in reverie. All went well for a while, when of a sudden calamity overtook me. I found that I had forgotten the name of the ninth Muse. With the names of eight I was comfortably familiar; but, cudgel my brains as I would, I failed to recall the name of number nine. There I was, in the midst of teeming throngs, and yet how alone and helpless! I could not very well accost the first passer-by and request him to supply the missing word: such a proceeding would have been misconstrued, and might even have led to a breach of the peace. And as I mournfully pondered over the discomfort of my position, I perceived, standing in the middle of the road, a police constable. There was nothing at the moment vociferously calling for action on his part, and he was gazing with a lack-lustre eye upon a small boy eating an orange. And then the thought occurred to me, what a magnificent thing it would be if I could go up to the guardian of the law and ask him to acquaint me with the appellation of the ninth Muse in the full confidence that he could and would with promptitude and dispatch supply me with the information I required. I regard our Metropolitan Police with the deepest respect. Their dignity of carriage, evenness of temper, and knowledge of local geography inspire my admiration. The firmness with which they regulate the traffic is a source of constant wonderment to me. But, alas! they are not cultured. However many stripes may adorn a constable's arm, one may with safety assume that he has small knowledge of the classics, and that his views upon the Renaissance are, to put it mildly, hazy. His form may be massive, and his moral sense acute, but to rely upon his intellectual equipment would be to lean upon a broken reed.

The Root of This is surely not the Evil. as it should be. A song which was very popular some years ago strongly recommended the interrogation of a policeman in all cases of doubt and difficulty, and it would indeed be immensely comforting to feel that in consulting a constable one could always be sure of obtaining satisfactory results. But the subjects on which our police are acknowledged authorities are lamentably limited in number and in scope. If you inquire the time or the way to the nearest post-office, they will reply with readiness and without flinching; but if you once enter upon the realm of science, of art, or of letters, they will leave you mightily disappointed. I should hesitate long before requesting a member of the force to enlighten me upon the differential calculus, and I fear that if I summoned up sufficient courage

to do so, he would regard me as one guilty of over-indulgence, and would handle me accordingly. This condition of things is all the more deplorable because it could so easily be remedied. The fact is that, in our tenacious clinging to ancient and worn-out ideas, we continue to draw our constables from the wrong class, thereby depriving ourselves of much that would prove of incalculable value in the course of our daily lives. Much has been talked of late with regard to the greater utilisation of the material supplied by our great Universities. Some would have each undergraduate qualify himself for military service before he is allowed to array himself in a B.A. gown. Others would draft the newly exalted graduates into the hot and hustling world of business. But to none of these reformers does it seem to have suggested itself that here is a great civilian force which could be rendered of infinitely greater usefulness than it now is if its members were recruited from the ranks of the gently born and the highly educated.



THE KING POSSESSES A PERPETUAL RIGHT OF RESIDENCE IN THIS WORKMEN'S TENEMENT! ABDEN HOUSE, KINGHORN, FIFE.

It may be that even the King himself does not know that he possesses perpetual right of residence in the house here shown, which is a workmen's tenement. This is so for the reason that the building represents the old mansion of the "Abthanes" (hence Abden) of Fife, Overlords of Kinghorn, and High Dignitaries of the Church. The King of Scotland, in granting the Royal Charter to the princely Churchmen, reserves "to us and to our royal successors, in a dwelling of this kind, hospitality and residence as often as it will happen to us to arrive and to turn aside there as long as it will please us." The clause is still valid.—[Photo by Margaret McLaughlan.]

man of culture and attainments. There would he stand at the corner of the street in the neat uniform of the law of England, ready and able to dispense knowledge and instruction to all who might stand in need of it. Here he would supply a classical quotation, and there a mathematical solution. He need

A Brighter Prospect. It is impossible to estimate the advantages that would accrue to the community if this desirable change could be effected, and at the same time it is difficult to imagine a more useful and honourable calling for a young man of culture and attainments. There would he stand at the corner of the street in the neat uniform of the law of England, ready and able to dispense knowledge and instruction to all who might stand in need of it. Here he would supply a classical quotation, and there a mathematical solution. He need not by any means pedantically insist upon the enlightenment of the masses, and should he be merely asked the time of day, there is no reason why he should not confine himself to the question put to him. His manner of holding up the traffic would display an air of breeding to which we have not been accustomed, and, fresh from his triumphs on the river and the running-path, he would be exceptionally effective in the pursuit of fugitive malefactors. The policeman would no longer be looked upon as an object of dread, but the great heart of the people would go out to one to whom all could apply in moments of difficulty or distraction. Instead of being the bogey he would be the guide, philosopher, and friend; and by his polish and politeness he would do much to raise



BEATEN BY GERMANY IN THE MATTER OF NUMBER OF GOALS: THE ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL ICE HOCKEY TEAM FOR THE RECENT TOURNAMENT AT ST. MORITZ.

Germany, England, and France were equal on points; consequently the result was decided by goals, and so Germany came out on top. Germany won its match against England by two goals to one, chiefly because its forwards were excellent in combination. England had fewer goals scored against her than any other country; that is to say, only three. From left to right are Mr. K. Stuart (back); Mr. J. J. Cawthra (forward); Lord Carbery (reserve); Mr. D. F. Cutler (forward); Mr. P. B. Patton (back; captain); Mr. H. C. Caffyn (goal); Mr. H. H. Duder (half-back); and Mr. A. G. Lawson (forward).

the tone of our public manners. The true friends of the Universities should see to it that those institutions justify their existence by supplying scholarship where we have only known stolidity, and brain where we have only known brawn.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!



57108 France)

IV.—THE WOMAN WHO GOES BACK.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.

## FIVE O'CLOCK

## FRIVOLITIES



## A SUNNY CREVICE OF THE AZURE COAST: BUILDING A HOUSE OF PEBBLES.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*

MUCH better, thank you ; how good of you all to ask ! Thanks particularly to you who "watch anxiously the temperature of the Côte d'Azur"—I have watered the eucalyptus tree under my window with the eucalyptus syrup ; the eucalyptus lozenges prescribed by Germaine made me a friend for life of the fat dog of the fat lady in the room next to mine. On my honour, he did eat them ; remember the cat of whom Mark Twain told—the cat that ate bananas—and doubt not ! I have resumed thin frocks, collected more freckles, and have not written a letter for three days—all of which shows that I am once more in my normal state.

I cough no more, but I am still very feverish. I presume it is the spring ; it is the riot of flowers in the garden of the hotel, in the room, on our bodices ; it is the sun which, as if to convict me of a *gasconnade*, has been at its fairest ever since my last talk with you ; it is the baritone voice of an English neighbour of ours who sings every evening *à l'heure du berger* in a way to send one's temperature over 100 and one's pulse beating like mad. It is not bronchitis—it's the spring, the waking sickness.

Every day the sun made life worth living we went out, Germaine and I, and, leaving Nice to the Teutons, explored the unspoilt bits of the Azure Coast. We hunted for the dear haunt wherein to build. There must be that rare thing on the French Riviera—a small stretch of fine sand ; there must be a hill at the back there ; pines, olive-trees, mimosas, and wild laurels must jostle against one another when the mistral sings.

There the sea must be not sapphire, but turquoise—that is, shallow enough for safe bathing ; and there must be seaweeds undulating in the translucent water, or giving up their healthy smell as they dry and shrink on the rocks. For to those who in truth love the sea, to look at it is not enough. One wants to possess it through one's every sense—to smell it, to breathe it, to touch it, to gaze at it until the mysterious soul of it drags one's own into its depths. And when we build our house, we want the sea bathing its stone steps to be blue perfection itself. Shall I tell you how I see the house ? Germaine says that I am for ever talking to you about myself—that I am like one of my peacocks with the hundred "I's." Of course I am talking about myself. One of the surest ways of interesting others is to know your subject

things I write about that amuse you; is it, amiable readers, but I myself that you smile at and like ? There, Germaine, you see ? You all know the Riviera, and you don't want me to tell you every pebble of its shore ; but it is to see what I do with those pebbles that you read my page between two muffins. You and I understand one another, in spite of what Germaine says ; and for you I will play with pebbles

Pebbles are interesting things ; they rub against one another lovingly, or are parted towards different rocks at the caprice of the wave, for all the world as if they were living things. They can serve to trace a way for a safe return, as dear old Perrault told us. With the white ones we mark happy days. Or we throw pebbles into the sea as far as we can, and then stare and sigh. Pebbles are food for thoughts. Do not look for lessons in them—lessons are found only in big, large, uninteresting stones. Pebbles are for musings and dreamings ; they are light and musical, like the bells of a jester ; they may have been shells with mysterious sounds, and one day will be sand. Some pebbles are transparent, as elusive as opals, and reflect shades changing and charming—those are coated with Attic salt ; but of pebbles I will build myself a house. It will be very white against the ochre of the rocks. It will have a flat roof, Italian fashion, and pink geraniums and wistaria will embrace its balustrades. It will have an outside staircase, from which one could lean and pluck oranges from the trees.

Here and there dark cypresses will mount guard. Red roses will offer us their scarlet smiles as we look out of the windows, and in the garden I will sow nothing but pink carnations. Those will be to send to my friends—the friends that cannot come to me. My garden will be as much more beautiful than the Antibes Gardens as an Irish terrier is than a clipped poodle. My house will be far from Nice, its Casino, its shops, its carnivals—it pains me to see myriads of exquisite flowers withered to make a Niçois holiday—far from Monte Carlo, with its clink of gold, its rapacious crowds ; far from hoardings and postcard-sellers. It will not be seen from the road ; I shall have to guide you to it, and there I shall not, like Alphonse Karr in his retreat, cultivate flowers, but friendship. I shall not, like Gounod, create music, but listen to the eternal whisper, the sea sing-song, the sweet noise of its wet kiss over the shore. When I build my house . . . oh, do not say it is all pebbles !

## POLO ON THE RIVIERA : THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AND ONE OF HIS PONIES.

Polo is one of the chief amusements at Cannes just now, and the club at Mandelieu is well patronised. Recently, the Duke of Westminster challenged the club to play his team, which was composed of officers of the Royal Horse Guards. The home team were victorious by six goals to two.—[Photograph by Navello.]



OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S POLO TEAM : LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER.

Lord Alastair Innes-Ker is the elder of the two brothers of the Duke of Roxburghe, and was born on Nov. 2, 1880. He saw active service in South Africa between 1900 and 1902. In 1907, he married Anne, daughter of the late W. L. Breese, of New York.

Photograph by Navello.

and be interested in it. I know myself and I am interested in myself. It is only the egotist who can give to others a clear impression of his (I mean, her) personality. It is not the



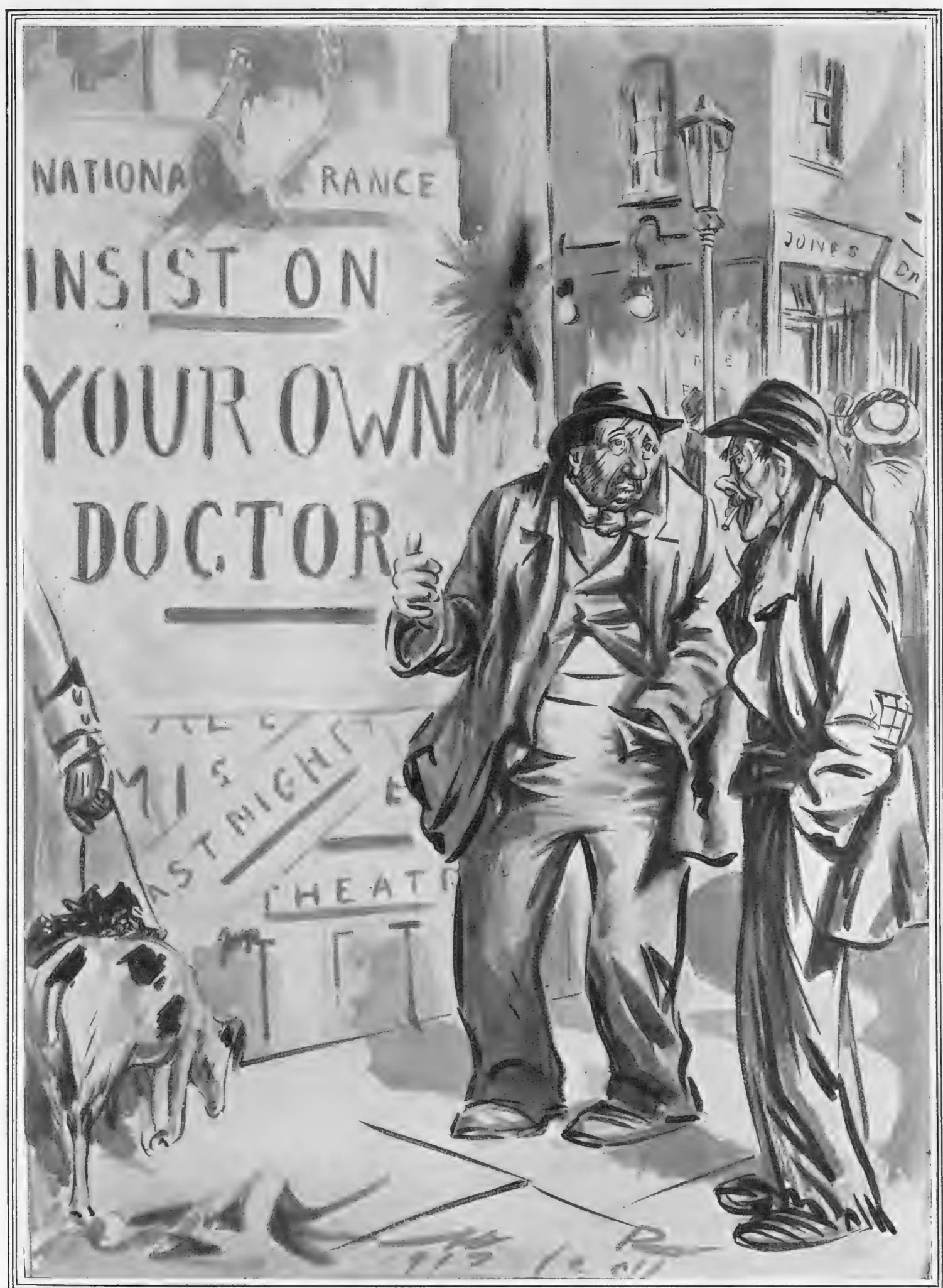
OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S POLO TEAM : LORD HERBERT.

Lord Herbert, elder son of the Earl of Pembroke, was born on Sept. 8, 1880. He is A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Ireland. In 1904, he married Lady Beatrice Eleanor, daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget.

Photograph by Navello.

ANOTHER FLAW IN THE ACT!

FOR SALE.



"'S orl bloomin' fine tellin' a bloke t' insist on 'is fam'ly docter, but 'ow 'm *I* goin' to?  
Sir Frederick Treves ain't *on* our panel."



THE SCOT WHO MADE AN AMERICAN NAVY TO FIGHT ENGLAND: PAUL JONES.

The Compleat Seaman.

Born of Scotch parents in the middle of the eighteenth century, just the merest chance made that splendid seaman, Paul Jones, a rebel and an American. He had been apprenticed to the sea, before the mast he had served his seven years, and, as merchant captain, he carried cargoes to the States. A brother, prosperously settled on a Virginian estate, died suddenly, and Paul nearly settled down in his place. But America was growing a restive child, and England an unimaginative mother, and Paul left the pleasant Southern plantation to make America a navy. He measured vessels, framed rules, regulated pay and devised uniforms for the earliest nucleus of a fleet "meant to defy the finest navy in the world." Rigid discipline, "however unpleasant to the turbulent, fierce spirit of republicans," and good pay were his convictions. Yet "he never ordered flogging on any ship he commanded, and is known to have personally thrown the cat-o'-nine-tails overboard." "And when I want a sailor killed," said he, "no torture of the lash by boatswain's mates—I'll do it myself; and so God—quick that it will make your heads swim." Then he went out upon the high seas to harry the English.

The Raid on Whitehaven. By that time it was open war. A devastating raid had been made on his property in Virginia, and his repartee upon Whitehaven was terrifying. As a youngster of twelve he had sailed from Whitehaven, he knew every foot of the ground; so, leaving his ship, and accompanied by one boy, he scaled the walls and spiked the cannon and secured the sentinels one early dawn. "My first object was to secure an exchange of prisoners in Europe, and my second to put an end by one good fire in England of shipping to all the burnings in America." "So ended the famous raid on Whitehaven, a town of from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, which with thirty men only he surprised; taking two strong forts with thirty pieces of cannon; setting fire to the shipping where they lay, three hundred or upward, in the dry pier." Thus were the English taught that the fancied security of their coasts was a myth, and the rates of insurance were doubled.

\* "The Sailor whom England Feared." By M. MacDermott Crawford. (Eveleigh Nash. 15s.)



THE BANQUET OF THE HUMOURISTS OF PARIS: A REMARKABLE PAINTING—BY LOUIS DENIS-VALVERANES.



THE BANQUET OF THE HUMOURISTS OF PARIS: A KEY.

1. M. M. Willette.
2. Henri Detouche.
3. Louis Morin.
4. Abel Truchet.
5. Hermann Paul.
6. Tiret-Bognet.
7. Thellem.
8. Poulot.
9. Mr. Ibels.
10. Mr. Marcus.
11. Mr. Haye.
12. Mr. Omry.
13. Mr. Moriss.
14. Mr. Steinlen.
15. Mr. Forain fils.
16. Mr. Georges Redon.
17. A. Model.
18. L'Auteur (M. Denis-Valveranes).
19. Mlle. Clovis Hugues.
20. Mr. Nam.
21. Charly.
22. Malteste.
23. de Sta.
24. A. Model.
25. Mlle. Léone George.
26. Mahut.
27. Leandre.
28. Madame Monna Delza.
29. M. Forain père.
30. Madame Misti.
31. M. M. Cheret.
32. Mlle. Cavayé.
33. M. M. Jean Veber.
34. Maurice Neumont.
35. Widhopf.
36. Madame Poulot.
37. M. M. Gir.
38. Hansi.
39. Zeslin.
40. Edouard Bernard.
41. Testevinde.
42. Bagolet.
43. Thevenot.
44. Luc Legey.
45. Motet.
46. Meluc.
47. Carrière.
48. Lubin de Beauvais.
49. Kern.
50. George Edward.
51. Madame Carmen Silva.
52. A. Model.
53. Madame Renée de Veriane.
54. Mr. Synave.
55. Mr. Heidbrink.

Paris, and died. "The only commander in naval history who had shown himself able to make French sailors fight like Englishmen," said a generous British naval officer. And "At what age did Paul Jones die?" asked Napoleon on hearing of Trafalgar. At forty-five, they told him. "Then he did not fulfil his destiny. Had he lived to this time, France might have had an Admiral." High adventure in war, in State, and in love await the reader of this spirited biography.

Common interests united France and America for the moment against England, and Paul, who had years before taught himself fluent French, moved in very high circles across the Channel. During a dinner given in his honour by the Duchesse de Chartres, he took part in a discussion on the tactics of the Comte de Toulouse, an Admiral who had been her grandfather. Naval history was Paul's dearest hobby, and he very ably defended the Admiral, giving, offhand, the armament of every ship in his command. The Duchesse at once presented him with a richly jewelled watch of exquisite Louis XV. design which had belonged to the Comte. And Jones, who was gallant beyond everything, murmured, while he put it beneath his heart, "May it please your Royal Highness, if fortune should favour me at sea, I will some day lay an English frigate at your feet." And he did. From dusk on through three hours of September moonlight he engaged the *Serapis* in a desperate duel. And this time his ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*,

was commissioned by the French Government, with only a sprinkling of Americans. Sinking and on fire, the *Richard* was yet the conqueror, and could by signal command the ship that had destroyed her, for the *Serapis* had struck, and her Captain surrendered his sword. Very soon none but her dead were left aboard the *Richard*, and she sank, a sublime coffin, waving to the last defiantly her unstruck, unconquered flag. "The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past ten p.m. by your watch," wrote the Commodore to the Duchesse, "which I consult only to fix the moment of victory." In April he knelt at her feet, regretting that he could not lay there the actual frigate, but could only surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered by the bravest of men.

Napoleon on Paul Jones. For a time Catherine of Russia claimed his service. But she and Potemkin were too subtle for his simple honesty. He returned to Paris, and died. "The only commander in naval history who had shown himself able to make French sailors fight like Englishmen," said a generous British naval officer. And "At what age did Paul Jones die?" asked Napoleon on hearing of Trafalgar. At forty-five, they told him. "Then he did not fulfil his destiny. Had he lived to this time, France might have had an Admiral." High adventure in war, in State, and in love await the reader of this spirited biography.

## OVER-STEPPING IT? THE VERY MODERN DANCE.



A CRAZE CARICATURED: BATEMAN ON THE BALL.

We need not remind our readers that there is much controversy as to the merits and demerits of various dances of Bunny-hugging, Grizzly-bearing, Turkey-trottin' kinds. Now, for those who like new measures, the International Federation of Dancing Masters—who, by the way, object to the Grizzly Bear, the Turkey Trot, and the Tango—have sanctioned Sherlocknette, a dance of four figures; the Chichigalienne of Nicaragua; and the Bostang; while there are announced from Paris dances called Scotch time and the Brazilian Matchiche.



## THE EXQUISITE ANTONY.

AN UP-TO-DATE ROMANCE.

By MARGARET CHUTE.

M R. ANTONY AYRES—the Exquisite Antony—lay in a hot bath, and thought and thought. . . . Life was confoundedly complex.

He was rather a specialist in hot baths. If Fortune proved kind, Mr. Ayres returned home, and had a hot bath. If Fortune proved cruel, he repeated the formula, arguing that appalling griefs or overwhelming joys slipped down the waste-pipe with the bath-water.

Known as the Exquisite Antony by reason of a delightful taste in clothes—and the means to gratify it—Mr. Ayres resided in Mount Street, principally; and possessed a man named Richardson. This distresses you? Valets are invariably Simpkins, or Bowles, or Dobbs? I am sorry—but facts are facts—and Tony's man was Richardson.

Guided, on this occasion, by his master's markedly miserable expression, Richardson selected an onyx pin and links, with socks and tie of grey, sad-toned. And the Exquisite Antony lay in his hot bath—and thought and thought.

Half-an-hour later a visitor was ushered into Mr. Ayres' sitting-room.

"Hullo!" remarked that gentleman, through a halo of smoke. "So you've come?"

"Looks like it. Got your message, and came straight round. . . . Tony, your rooms are delightful. Jove, why can't I afford to live like this?"

Tony shook a sleek head. "My dear chap, I can't afford it," he murmured. "I just do it—that's all. . . . Have a cigarette?"

Dawson Rodley, sage counsellor and true friend, took a cigarette and a deep, leather-covered chair.

"Glorious!" quoth he. "Now, tell me, what have you been doing?"

"I've just had a hot bath"—Tony stroked his hair. "Nothing like a hot bath for—"

"Thanks. I didn't come here for a lecture on the medicinal value of hot baths. Since you sent for me—it was an urgent summons, Tony—I conclude something has gone wrong. What have you been doing?"

Gloomily, Mr. Ayres regarded the questioner. More gloomily, he spoke. "I haven't been doing anything. That's the trouble."

"Not doing anything?" Dawson flicked his cigarette viciously. "My good Tony, you get about more than any man I know. Shooting, hunting, dancing, polo, Monte Carlo, house-parties—gracious heavens, you are doing things all day, every day, all the year round!"

Tony groaned. "'Doing things,' as you put it, isn't what I mean. Dawson—I don't *work*! Never have done—why, the Lord only knows! Perhaps because nobody ever told me work was desirable and necessary."

"From what I know of your family and your upbringing, that seems highly probable. But why this gloom? You do your fair share of 'work'—as you've been taught to understand it. What more d'you want? A bank clerkship—a railway porter-ship? Why not be a conductor on a tube railway and have done with it? I have a little influ—"

"Shut up!" Tony hurled a log at the fire. "Man alive, I'm serious—deadly serious. I want to work—and I don't know how to set about it. You see, she says—"

"She?" Dawson Rodley sat up with a shout of laughter. "Oh—ho! Now we're getting at it. . . . She! And who may 'she' be? Tony"—an accusing finger shot out—"Tony, you're in *love*!"

Tony blushed. "Couldn't you see that?" he retorted. "Richardson has known for weeks. Discerning soul, Richardson. . . . Look here—this is the whole story. I'm in love—and I think she likes me, a little. Not much, mind you; but I could make her, if I *really* worked. Last time I proposed, she said she

couldn't and wouldn't marry a man who had never done a stroke of work in his life—a slacker, she called me!"

Dawson Rodley grinned. "You didn't happen to mention the enormous amount of hunting, shooting, polo, and dancing you put in?" he murmured.

"No. What's the use? She knows all about that, and she's sick of the loafers in our set. She looked at me, Dawson—oh, such a look!—and said, 'If you were a worker—you, with your six foot of strength and health—you'd be worth loving, worth living for. As it is, you're just a slacker!' Then I got annoyed, and we talked hard; and the end of it was she promised to give me a definite answer if I could prove that I had really tried to do some work—any kind of work. And she hinted what the answer might be! Dawson, it's my last chance. I *must* find some work, at once—and settle things. I can't go on like this; it's killing me. I—I'm so desperately fond of her, and—"

The listener stuck out a sympathetic hand and grasped Tony's. "I know," he commiserated. "I've been through it. . . . But she must be a weird sort of girl—doesn't know her own mind, I should say."

"That's rot! She's got dozens of men at her feet; but the family don't like me. They're pulling against me for dear life; and she's being worried out of her mind, poor darling. Her mother's an old dragon—and they're not too rich; so they want Iris to marry money. Dash it all, Dawson, I've got enough! And she says it isn't the money she minds. It's the fact that I'm a slacker."

A short silence ensued. "I've got it!" exclaimed Rodley, thumping his chair-arm. "Your charming Miss Iris has been going to romantic dramas, and is half in love with the grit-and-iron worker who figures as the hero of every modern dramatist!"

"What beastly rot you talk!"—Tony was seriously angry. "It's not that a bit. I think it's because she really likes me, and wants to feel that the man she marries is *somebody*, not an idle member of an idle set. And I'll prove that I can work—by Jove, I will! . . . What work can I do, Dawson?"

"Go out and sweep a crossing," suggested the counsellor. "And I'll go to Miss Iris with a certificate to the effect that I saw you do it? How's that?"

"No earthly use. I said *work*. Think again, there's a good chap—my brain's like putty, what with agitation and love, and—"

"Hot baths. Quite so; therefore, my brain is hauled into the breach. Let me see—you've no certificates, have you? Well, it must be something that needs no preliminary preparation or diplomas. . . . There's only one thing—the stage!"

Tony's jaw dropped. "Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "is that all? But that's no use; any silly fool can paint his face and hop round in decent clothes. It isn't *brave* work—I want something that shows grit and courage. Think again!"

Rodley had already thought. "Grit and courage? Nerve and skill? Great Cæsar, I've got it! Tony, you must become a cinema actor!"

"What's that? A chap who rides horses, and bicycles, and falls into rivers on those jumpy picture thing-ummies? I don't think I'd—"

Rodley was on his feet. "Give up thinking about it," he advised. "and leave it to me. I know a man who's a shareholder, or something, in one of these big cinema concerns. Frightfully keen, too. He says they want fellows who can ride, and handle a four-in-hand, and shoot, and swim. Good Lord, Tony, you're the very man for the business!"

"Am I?" The Exquisite Antony caressed his tie reflectively. "I don't know; but if you'll—"

"I'll get this shareholder chap to introduce you to his manager. Then you go down and talk to him for a bit. And if Iris—what's her name?—"

"Sellbie."

"And if Iris Sellbie doesn't fling her arms round your neck when

[Continued overleaf.]

## INTEREST!



THE GERMAN FINANCIER'S WIFE: What beautiful sables you'll be able to buy me now fifty millions is wanted for the army!

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.

she sees you risking life, clothes, and complexion as a cinema hero, I'm no friend of yours. Leave it to me—and for heaven's sake, cheer up!"

Exactly two days later the Exquisite Antony got out of a hot bath, into a miraculous suit, and thence into a taxi, bound for the office of a certain Film Company.

Lunching at his club that same day, Dawson Rodley received a telegram: "Come at once, Tony." Sacrificing coffee, liqueurs, and a cigar on the altar of friendship, he rushed to Mount Street.

Tony was installed by the fire, gloomier than ever.

"Thank the Lord, you've come at last," was his greeting. "I say, Dawson, that cinema game's no earthly good!"

Dawson discreetly covered a smile. "No?" he queried, full of interest. "Have you seen the manager? Let's hear all about it."

Such was Tony's intention. "I saw him to-day; a funny sort of bounder—quite polite and all that kind of thing. But he seemed to regard me as a bit—well, cracked! . . . I think he didn't like my clothes. Never met a man who stared so much."

Again the friendly oracle smiled behind his hand. "Go on," he begged.

"It's hard to explain," Tony hesitated, puffing hard at an expensive cigarette. "You see, he didn't exactly decline to give me work; but he said there were no vacancies at present. And then he began yarning about the dangers attached to cinema work—and looked at me so queerly, sideways, while he talked. Great Scott, Dawson, there was I, simply pining for a dangerous job, while he did his dashedest to put me off, because of what he called 'the dangers attached.'"

"Oh, so he was trying to put you off?"

"I'm sure of it"—Tony hoisted one slim leg over the other and clasped his knee. "Gassed a lot about driving horses at a gallop into a river, climbing out of moving railway carriages, steering a motor over a precipice at seventy miles an hour. And the more he talked, the happier I got. Then he said, 'Of course, the salary is not very large, compared with the dangers. So perhaps you'd like to think it over, and I'll let you know at once if a vacancy should occur. Good-morning.' Then I found myself outside, though I hadn't the slightest intention of leaving till I'd asked him scores of questions. I wonder why he tried to put me off? He was a weird sort of bounder, upon my word!"

It was a distressing situation; Dawson admitted as much. "But courage!" he advised, a twinkle in his eye. "If you'll take my advice, Tony, you can make a lot of capital out of this little—er—episode."

"How? The chap turned me down; practically told me I was useless."

"Quite so. But why not pretend that he did just the reverse?"

The Exquisite Antony gasped weakly, then rang the bell. "Wait a bit," he besought Dawson.

"Seltzer? . . . Now, you said, 'Why not pretend he did the reverse?' You mean—offered me work?"

"You've hit it. . . . Have you seen Miss Sellbie lately?"

"N—no. I rang up and told her I was hunting work, and should be very busy for a time. . . . I say, Rodley, it's a crazy scheme."

"Not a bit." Then for several minutes the wise man talked clearly, concisely, and concluded: "Now, all you have to do is, remember what I've said; collect your hat, stick, and gloves; go and find Miss Sellbie at tea—if you can; and good luck go with you."

Iris Sellbie was having tea with a faded lady and bald-headed relative of the opposite sex when the Exquisite Antony arrived.

She was an amazingly pretty girl, with those deep brown, far-seeing eyes that are so deliciously mysterious.

To the Exquisite Antony she extended a small, cold hand, and wondered if he could hear her heart thumping. As he was wondering the same thing on his own account, it is probable that he couldn't.

After an interval that seemed interminable, Iris and Tony found themselves in triumphant possession of the drawing-room, the bald-headed relative having reluctantly departed. Without giving her time to start talking about the latest divorce case, or musical comedy, he began—

"Iris, I've come to say good-bye."

She was visibly startled. "Why?" she murmured.

"Because I'm going away. You remember, perhaps, last time we met you advised me to find some work. Well, I've found some, and it will take me out of England for a year."

Iris managed to articulate, "What is it?" She wasn't so ultra-modern as her family supposed.

"Cinema work—all I could get. A big firm is taking a company to South America for a year to work in the forests and wild country—realism, you know. Of course, there is danger of fever and swamps, and wild animals—but it's work, so the risks don't count. They've offered me a contract to play leading parts, and I've accepted it. . . . In fact, the whole thing is settled, so I thought I'd tell you—and say good-bye—till this time next year."

Her smile was a queer, shaky production.

"I—I'm so glad," she told him, her fingers tearing at a lace-edged handkerchief. "It's splendid, and—and—" Then, without rhyme or reason, she burst into tears.

The Exquisite Antony held tight to his chair for fear he might yield to a maddening impulse and seize her in his arms.

"Don't cry, Iris," he heard himself saying; "you promised you'd give me an answer to my question if I got work. . . . My dear, if I come back, will you marry me—next year?"

Iris lifted a tear-stained face, and her wonderful brown eyes met his. "Please," she whispered, "oh, please—I'd rather marry you now, if you don't mind!"

Some hours later the Exquisite Antony went home, got into a hot bath, and thought. . . . Life wasn't so confoundedly complex, after all.

THE END.

FOR SALE.



THE INFERIOR PERSON (pushing her way into a first-class at the last minute): Now you set on that man's lap, Soo, an' you on 'is oppesite, Perce. I sh'll 'ave ter squeeze in between the others some'ow—taint 'ow I like travellin', but I shall 'ave to put up with it, I s'pose.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



# ON THE LINKS

FROM THE PYRENEES TO THE TAGUS: GOLF GOSSIP AND PORTUGUESE POLITICS.

Golf is  
Everywhere.

Roaming about in a part of golfing France with which I have hitherto not been very familiar, I have come across several matters of interest, as apart from the merits and peculiarities of particular links. There is, of course, always and everywhere the wonderful progress and extension of the game. It seems to be the same all over the world. I am, as you know, writing and playing just now round about the Pyrenees. First I was at the western tail of them, then I moved a little along their base, now I have gone far inland and linger below some of the loftiest peaks. But there is golf wherever I go, and some of it is not by any means new golf, either. Even to some of us who ought to be getting used to it all by now, it still seems very wonderful. Why, news just comes to me that an English professional has been urgently summoned to Lisbon to mark out a new golf course there, and another one is to be started very soon afterwards, many people in Portugal having come to believe that not only would golf be a fine thing for their own pleasure, but that it would be one of the surest means of attracting foreign visitors, who do not go to this part of the world in anything like the numbers that they should do. Strange peoples, customs, languages, and old churches, picture-galleries and museums are all splendid things in their way;

AFTER A BAD DRIVE! MR. WINSTON  
CHURCHILL GOLFING, AT CANNES.

Photograph by *Topical*.

but it is no use—holiday travellers who have a fair amount of life and spirits in them will not in these days go to places where they cannot play golf. I read lately that people were leaving London in greater numbers than ever, and that the Metropolis was dwindling! If that is so, there are several reasons for it, and golf is one; for you may be very sure that if there were no golf at all in London, or very near it, the population of our greatest city would very soon be many thousands less than it is.

Advance, Portugal! As to this Portugal business, it is curious to reflect that while they are making a new course at Lisbon, King Manoel is practising the game in England, where a year or so ago he made his first attempts at it. It can never be said now that he did not take up golf until after he had heard that they were making a course at Lisbon. Hitherto they have had only one golf course in the country, and that is at a place called Espinho, some eleven miles out from Oporto; and we are told that the bulls that are intended for the bull-fights are fed up and do their roaming exercise on this course. I do not like the idea. And writing of Portugal and golf, and kings and those who might be kings, I am reminded of a capital story that Count O'Byrne told me at St. Jean de Luz the other day, and it is true, for I saw the documentary evidence. Last year, about this time, a little affair was going quietly on which might have resulted in King Manoel going back to Lisbon. No matter. While this was being done, the Duke of Braganza, who was most intensely interested, was thinking things out at St. Jean de Luz. The Duke was for long known as the Pretender to the Portuguese

throne, but now he sides with King Manoel against the Republicans. Well, while this deep business was being done, the eldest son of the Duke—being himself, as you will perceive, in one direct line to the throne—starts golf, goes along to Arnaud Massy, who is the pro. in these parts, and offers the most impressive inducements to have his play improved, and by-and-by enters the competition for the Captain's Prize in the name of "S. Schmidt."

The Royal "Mr. Schmidt." The tournament was a match-play affair, and was a very big thing, so many entries being made that six or seven rounds were necessary. Mr. "Schmidt" was very popular with all the other golfers; they said he was an excellent fellow. Also he showed wonderful form, playing far better than his handicap. Round after round did Mr. "Schmidt" get through very nicely, until, lo! he was in the very final. That was a great day for royal "Schmidt." Was it nerves? I know not; nobody knows. But he was seven down at the end of the morning in this thirty-six holes match. Anyhow, there was pluck afterwards. A little way after the turn in the afternoon he was only one down, and he should have squared at the next hole, but blundered near the green, and he never caught his man afterwards. He lost by two and one; and the tale will often be told, as it is now in print for the first time by your servant, how a man named "Schmidt," who might have been the King of all the Portuguese, lost a Presidential Cup on the thirty-fifth green after being seven down on the eighteenth. This tale has used up so much space that there is none left to tell of how I am impressed with the way that the *jeunes filles* of France are taking to the game, of how I find the most sporting, sturdiest, and cleverest of the golfers of our beloved Angleterre delighting to play on courses with six short holes thereon. Circumstances alter cases, and I find great golfers out here in the warm winter sunshine less critical of very skimpy holes than they would be



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S STEP-FATHER: MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, GOLFING AT CANNES.

Photograph by *Topical*.

of some of the best-blooded things in Britain. The more you get the more you want, and as they have the best that can be got in these parts, they really seem to think it is ideal, and delight in it accordingly.

HENRY LEACH.



## THE AMERICAN INVASION, AN OLD FAVOURITE, AND A VISITOR FROM RUSSIA.

THE Eastward-bound Atlantic liners seem to be chiefly employed for the purpose of importing American variety artists to this country. Some of these arrivals are male, some female; some have black faces, some white; and with a few brilliant exceptions, all are rag-timers. They scatter themselves in all directions; they dominate the revues, and their turns are prominent everywhere. At the Palace Frank Tinney, known as the "fun-beam" or the "mirthquake," has been reinforced by "That Coloured Five"; the Palladium presents "Happy Jack Gardner"; and one can hardly name a hall without a black face or rag-time music. The Tivoli has, perhaps, had as serious an attack as any hall. In the course of its new programme, which contains a great many new turns, there are no fewer than four importations from the States. There is a *diseuse* named Jeannette Dupré; there are seven girls who play ragtime on the violin and dance simultaneously; there

are Coakley, Hanvey, and Dunlevy, who do a black-faced act; and there are Harry Williams and Nat D. Ayer. These two latter are quite celebrities in their way. They have collaborated in the evolution of no fewer than a thousand songs, many of which, like "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," have become famous. I am afraid I do not know which is which, but one plays the piano and the other sings. The singer is less raucous than other exponents of this kind of song, and he is the possessor of a smile indicative of complete self-satisfaction. The songs sung differ in no material respect from their immediate predecessors, and merely leave one wondering how

long this sort of thing is to go on. At present the cry is "still they come," and the latest news is that a matter of thirty beautiful, expert rag-time exponents are on their way from New York to display their prowess in the revue which Mr. Max Pemberton is writing for the London Opera House. We are a long-suffering people, but how long?

One of the  
Old School.

Amongst the host of newcomers who are constantly rushing through our music-halls it is comforting to meet an old favourite every now and then, and I was glad to find Arthur Roberts receiving a joyous welcome from a packed audience at the Holborn Empire the other evening. It is somewhat surprising that we see so little of this great comedian in London nowadays. For years he has made us laugh, but to-day he seems to devote himself almost entirely to the provinces. His present sketch is entitled, "The Girl who Lost Her Honeymoon," and treats of the troubles of a newly married couple who find themselves stranded in a small French hotel on the night of their wedding. The husband is first mistaken for an American

millionaire, and next is arrested as a desperate anarchist. The humour of the piece is naturally rather broad, and Arthur Roberts gags to his heart's content. With the exception of Miss Ruby Celeste, who plays the part of the bride with an idiotic laugh, he is not especially well supported, the attempts to render French and American accents being unusually unconvincing; but as the sketch is primarily designed for the purpose of allowing Arthur Roberts to be characteristic, it would, perhaps, be churlish to grumble at details. He is just his old self, with the staccato jokes which are his own particular property, just a little bit naughty now and again, but never failing of their effect. The sketch is adapted from the German, but after Arthur Roberts has had the handling of it there are few traces left of its Teutonic origin. The framework has simply been used for the praiseworthy purpose of giving the veteran comedian an opportunity of being himself, and he is as successful as

he ever was in drawing laughter from his audiences.

## From Russia.

At the Palladium is to be seen a wordless thrill, or "mimodrama," as it is called in the programme, entitled "She Pays the Penalty." It comes from Paris, and is in some respects rather a puzzling production. There is a fierce general, presumably Russian, for his name is Dimitriff; and there is a captain who is presumably English, for his name is Gray, though his uniform bears no resemblance to any English uniform with which I am acquainted. The general has a wife whose name is Mrs. Ruth Sybil, and who has apparently a love-affair with the captain. In his wife's temporary absence the general

"Slowly she moves upon the darkened steps,  
With silent measured tread; her staring eyes  
Fixed on the awful past, that lives again  
Within the caverns of her sleepless mind.  
Sightless, she sees the thronging, vengeful Fates,  
And hears their cry—"Macbeth has murdered sleep,"  
Ring through the hollow silence of the Night.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Mournful she moves, a troubled ghostly form,  
With restless hands that seek to shed the stain  
Of guilt that will not die; in fretful dreams  
Her dauntless soul is broken on the wheel  
Of wakened conscience; from her parched lips  
There falls the last sad wailing shuddering sigh,  
Of a great spirit passing into Night."

general produces a brace of pistols, and a duel is fought in which he is killed. The captain covers the body with a rug, and the lady re-enters in a daring gauze costume, and as she reclines ravishingly on a sofa, she pulls the rug from the recumbent body and discovers what has happened in her absence. She banishes the captain from her presence, and seizing a firebrand which is conveniently near, sets light to herself and is consumed to ashes before your eyes after a great deal of the sort of conflagration which Loie Fuller used to indulge in. This gruesome tragedy, which has been devised by Dr. Stefan Vacans, of Paris, is played for all it is worth by Mlle. Lotte Sarrow, who is announced as "the famous Russian actress"; and the parts of the general and the captain are played with grim determination by two gentlemen named Von Kelety and Mordsoff. The trio do everything in their power to create the impression required, but, so far as I could judge, the audience was not nearly so thrilled as it was intended to be, and was ready in a moment to be entertained by "the black-faced story-teller and the King of American Parodists."

ROVER.



INSPIRATION: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY MACBETH.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who has been appearing at the London Coliseum as Lady Macbeth in the Sleep-Walking Scene of "Macbeth," received the following lines from an unknown friend, who just signed his name, "Thomas Trewin"—

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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

'WARE THE PAINTER'S HAMMER—PETROL PROBLEMS—A VETERAN CAR—ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

**Detaching the Detachable.**

and detachable wheels, the 1909-12 Rudge-Whitworth wheels in particular. The general overhaul very frequently includes repainting and varnishing, and such repainting may—nay, very generally does—involve the detachment of the detachable wheels. Be the wheels of what make they may, this job, Mr. John Pugh very properly points out, should not be left to the painter, who in all probability has as much notion of mechanical details as an elephant has of crochet. The colour artist is very seldom mechanically inclined, and is generally imbued with the notion that any mechanical attachment can be persuaded with a hammer. For this reason, the owner or his chauffeur should see to it that the detachable wheels are properly detached, and, most particularly, that they are properly attached again after the work has been done. In the case of the 1913 Rudge-Whitworths, the attachment and detachment of these wheels is so simple that they may be left even to the painter—indeed, they will do their attaching on their own account, once given a start.

**An Inquiry into All Fuels Whatever.**

It will be remembered by my readers that, some time since, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders invited the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association each to subscribe £1000 for the purpose of conducting an inquiry into the vexed question of petrol substitutes. In view of the acquiescence of all three bodies in this proposal, the Petrol Committee of the R.A.C., which had already issued an interim report, suspended its deliberations. A Committee of three representatives from each body was formed to proceed in this matter. It will be admitted that this body has a stiff task before it, for its work will be principally on the practical side—to wit, in locating the production of the substitutes, and finding in what manner their production can best be encouraged and increased. The committee desire it to be known that every scheme will have ready and sympathetic investigation.

**The Oldest Car in the World.**

The name Panhard has from the beginning of things always been one wherewith to conjure in the matter of reliability as the term applies to motor-cars. I am reminded of this by the receipt of the 1913 catalogue of Panhard cars from the British concessionaires, Messrs. W. and G. Du Cros, Ltd., of 14, Regent Street, London, W., in the forefront of which appears a photograph of that benign and ancient cleric, M. l'Abbé Gavois, of Rainneville, France, sitting at the helm—

Mr. John Pugh, of Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., utters a very wholesome word of warning

in connection with the spring overhaul of cars veritably the helm, for it has tiller steering—of his archaic vehicle, the Panhard built by Messrs. Panhard and Levassor in 1891, and until the summer of 1912 in constant use by that reverend gentleman, who then kindly lent it temporarily for exhibition in London. This old car was awarded the prize offered by *L'Auto* in 1911 for the oldest

car in continuous service, its record of twenty years far outdistancing all other competitors. During its long and honourable life no vital part of its mechanism has been replaced—not even a gear-wheel; and the gear-wheels, *mirabile dictu*, have run exposed all their lives. Since its return to its native shores, the car has been constantly used by the Abbé in the performance of the duties entailed by his cure of souls.

**A Much-Needed Trial.**

Our contemporary, *Country Life*, has offered a cup, value

£50, to the Royal Automobile Club to form the trophy in an electric-car-lighting installation. For the trial to take place there must be at least four entries, and the Technical Committee of the Club will be the judges. In the interests of the public, the introduction of costly electric-lighting systems renders such trials very desirable. A car-owner who contemplates so large an additional expenditure to his car-outlay has a right to know where he can get the best value for his money. For an electric-lighting system on a motor-car must be a dead-sure thing. Its failure is altogether differ-

ent from the extinction of oil or acetylene lamps, trouble with which is very easily surmounted.

**Tax to Favour the Trust.**

Report hath it that, for lack of something better to do, the Commissioners of Customs and Excise are hugely exercised in the matter of the means of imposing a tax on benzol. To do this is, of course, to play as far as is possible into the hands of the greedy Trust that is going to knock down the prosperity of the motor industry just when, after years of strenuous struggle, it has more or less turned the corner. The tax of 3d. per gallon on petrol was, at the moment of its enactment, an iniquitous imposition, for, as things have turned out, a penny would have been ample, seeing that the funds accruing are doing little more than lie in the coffers of the Road Board. And if that money is to be applied to its legitimate purpose—namely, the amelioration of the great through roads of this country, and not the enrichment of suburban land-owners, the amount which would in a few years be produced by the penny would be ample for all



DESCRIBED AS THE ONLY PETROL-DRIVEN MODEL FLYING-MACHINE: A REMARKABLE SEVEN-FOOT-LONG MONOPLANE; WITH ITS MAKER, MR. STANGER.

This model monoplane, which is seven feet long and has a ten-foot span, is said to be the only petrol-driven model in the world. It was shown and flown recently at the Hendon Aerodrome.

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.



A LIFE-SAVING DEVICE WHOSE INVENTOR IS WILLING TO BE RUN INTO BY A MOTOR-BUS, THAT HIS PATENT MAY BE TESTED.

This ingenious life-saving device for use on motor-buses has been patented and is about to be demonstrated before the traffic authorities of Scotland Yard. The inventor is so sanguine as to the value of it that he has volunteered to be run into by a motor-bus fitted with it, that he may be saved by his own invention. A pressure of three pounds is sufficient to send the front guard back and disclose the platform. The first of the two photographs shows guard and platform in normal position; the second shows the guard pushed back and the "victim" of the accident on the platform thus disclosed.—[Photographs by *Record Press*.]

purposes. Nevertheless, it is now, and always will be, an unjust tax, for it is wrung from a class already the highest taxed of the community, and spent, when it is spent, in the interests of all.



# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

SINCE their names are writ large in almost every Court Circular, it was natural that Sir Charles Cust and Lord Stamfordham should have been coupled in the various guesses as to Lord Knollys' successor. Lord Stamfordham has the right history behind him for the post. As Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, a Groom-in-Waiting, an Equerry, and Joint Private Secretary to the King, he has naturally accumulated a sufficient experience of tasks that would be allotted him. The only episode he looks back on as a waste of time, from the secretarial point of view, is the Zulu War. It gave no scope to his natural ability for social give and take. One thing seems to have been overlooked by people who venture the suggestion that he should succeed Lord Knollys—that he has succeeded him, to all intents and purposes, since 1910.

*The Court Circular and Sir Charles.*

In the case of Sir Charles Cust, as in that of Lord Stamfordham, the files of the Court Circular give colour to any rumours of

ENGAGED TO LADY JOAN BYNG: THE HON. ANDREW E. S. MULHOLLAND.

Mr. Mulholland is the eldest of the four sons of Lord and Lady Dunleath. He was born on September 20, 1882, was educated at Eton, and holds a commission in the Irish Guards. [Photograph by Topical.]

further Court Appointments. George III, like George V., knew well the value of a Cust, and one of Queen Victoria's Masters of the Ceremonies was of the same family. It is of him that it is said that his funeral, being quite without ceremony, made the only unceremonious page in his story, for, unable himself to attend to its details, he trusted nobody else to do so. But the link between George V. and Sir Charles Cust is stronger than one of forms and formalities: it is a cable, secured with seaman's knots.

*At the Palace.* "Devil take you all, dance!" cried Henry VIII. to his shy guests, and even in the last reign, the danger of a Palace dance was lack of dancing. The rope enclosing a space for the royal performers and their party has often been found to act as a sort of halter upon the rest of the company, and any ceremonial is sufficient to take the

spring out of an unaccustomed leg. But with the Prince of Wales (who took his mother in to supper) doing his duty like a man, and the King and Queen insisting in the most friendly way

that the younger section of their guests should thoroughly enjoy the occasion, there was no undue pause at the first Buckingham Palace dance of the year. It was comparatively a small and informal gathering, in deference to the feeling that some restriction must be put upon all such forms of entertainment during Lent. At Catholic courts no dances are given for the time being; but in Germany, where the young members of the Kaiser's family have always been enthusiastic dancers, the Crown Princess has been in the habit

of inviting small parties of her own friends for "after tea." The hour makes the difference!

*The "Steps" of the Throne.*

It was not a desire for instruction that took the King and Queen to "The Dancing Mistress" the night before their Majesties' dance at Buckingham Palace. They are both experts, and even the newer, and legitimate, variations of the waltz are familiar to the Queen, although the Palace floor is the last place in the world for any sort of eccentric step to be practised. It was, for instance, only long after "reversing" was the general custom that it was permitted at Court. The late King had what might be called a rooted objection to it, and a young foreign Attaché who, unaware of any "taboo," took his partner round in the unorthodox manner, spent the next "number" with a polite Equerry, full of explanations, instead of with the lady.

*"The Filmy-Eyed."*

The films that passed before the eyes of the Fellows of the Royal Geographical and Royal Zoological Societies at a special cinema private view last week were quite boisterously received. The applause suggested that there were young fellows as well as old in the audience. Master Anthony Asquith, for one, was present. Facing the box in which he and Mrs. Asquith sat was Sir Hubert von Herkomer, a painter with a finely roving eye. The maker of his own castle, a musician, an actor, and an author, he has never let his palette obscure his general outlook, and it is fitting that he should be among the first of the artists to applaud the art of the cinema.

*A Rodd in Pickle.*

The forthcoming ball at the British Embassy in Rome has had to pay the penalty of its popularity. Just because everybody and his wife and daughter wish to be there, its date has had to be postponed, for Lady Rodd's first thoughts did not include the memory that Lent is still a black fast with the Black families among her friends. A postponement became necessary, but only a postponement—there was a lovely Rodd in pickle for

expectant Rome. Before this month is over, however, the ball-room at the Porta Pia will be filled with all that is young and fair in the fanciest of fancy dresses. Sir Rennell Rodd's poetic soul will be stirred by the sight—his feet will doubtless dance in rhyme in celebration of a banquet of beauty that never surfeits. Lady Rodd, having so many willing helpers, has been in her studio as regularly as ever, despite the great distraction which the ball at one time threatened to be—which it is to be to all the rest of Rome.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. ANDREW E. S. MULHOLLAND: LADY JOAN BYNG.

Lady Joan Byng, who was born in 1886, is the younger daughter of the Earl of Strafford. She has one half-brother, two brothers, and a sister, Lady Rachel Theodora.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HARRY STURGIS: MISS VIOLET GRINNELL-MILNE.

Miss Grinnell-Milne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Grinnell-Milne, of 23, Ennismore Gardens. Captain Sturgis, of the Rifle Brigade, is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Sturgis, of Givons, Leatherhead.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS AUDREY BAPST, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. RAYMOND CECIL PARR WAS FIXED FOR MARCH 8.

Miss Bapst is the daughter of Baroness Jacques de Gunzburg, of Avenue Bugeaud, Paris. [Photograph by Elwin Neame.]



MR. RAYMOND CECIL PARR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS AUDREY BAPST WAS FIXED FOR MARCH 8.

Mr. Parr, Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, is the son of Mr. Cecil F. Parr, of Kimpton Grange, Welwyn, Hertfordshire. [Photograph by Nadar.]



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Disease of "Rag-Time."** Nothing is more curious than the infectious mental diseases which rage furiously in one continent or another from time to time, of which notable examples were the Crusades, the Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages, and, in the seventeenth century, the burning of women for alleged witchcraft. This latter mental disease even spread to the new colonies in America, and flourished amazingly in the congenial Puritan soil of Massachusetts and Maine. Nowadays, our manias do not take such a dangerous or lethal form, but they are latent, all the same, and sometimes assume extraordinary proportions. Mr. Francis Toye sounds an alarmist note in his amusing article in the *English Review* on "The New Tarantism," which is the dignified name given by this authority on music and dancing to the present craze for "rag-time." He sees in these foolish jingles a direct incentive to hysteria, especially among the upper classes, which include nowadays so many neurotic individuals who can be acted upon by "suggestion." For the peculiar fascination of this newest importation from America (I hasten to add that I personally find rag-time imbecile) seems to be its false rhythm and its jerky, unexpected movements. We all know now that music not only appeals to the brain and the emotions, but immediately acts, physically, on the nervous system. So it is that these rag-time tunes—which are mostly adapted from the hymns sung by negroes in revivalist meetings—cannot be regarded by musicians (or, for the matter of that, by any reflecting person) as wholesome musical fare for the young and impressionable.

**Caricaturing Women.** One of the most striking

signs of the growing equality of the sexes is that women—even young and beautiful ones—are no longer exempt from the amusing malice of the caricaturist. Only a few years ago it would have been unthinkable that a feminine person should be travestied in a drawing, and we can all remember the fury which was aroused in England during the South African War by German and French caricatures of Queen Victoria. But women have developed a sense of humour which permits them to laugh at the most hideous versions of themselves, and even actresses must submit to seeing their faces and their persons exaggerated to grotesqueness in the papers. It is a curious fact that the art of human caricature seems essentially a masculine one. There are women who can make the most adorable drels—animals, jugs, and dolls; but I have never seen a feminine artist who was a first-rate caricaturist of the human biped. And, curiously enough, even the most audacious and successful masculine satirists of the pencil have their weak point, their little failing. It is that they cannot caricature themselves—at any rate, on the point of ill-looks. Nearly always they exaggerate their charms, making themselves look younger. And after all, it is an amiable human failing. In the Uffizi Gallery at Florence we have a unique

collection of famous artists painted by themselves. Not one of them is ill-looking, and most of them have extraordinary distinction and a high standard of masculine good looks. We all have a nice, comforting idea of our personalities and our appearance, and it is assuredly not that of the caricaturist.

**Simplicity at the White House.**

In theory, social life at Washington should be of the most austere Republican simplicity, and the very name of the President's dwelling, "The White House," breathes of rusticity, the domesticities, and the higher life. Its atmosphere and trappings, however, change with

its master, and sometimes the banquets vie with those of Paris and New York, while occasionally a homely frugality rules. The lady who sits at the head of the table naturally has most to say on these matters, and if—as in the case of Mrs. Cleveland—she is a *mondaine*, she equals the standard set by other hostesses in Washington. But it is round the question of the wine-glass that controversy rages most furiously, for here the curious, innate Puritanism of the native comes in. It is held as a kind of national creed that (however many fiery and deleterious drinks may be imbibed by their mankind before dinner) nothing but a chaste carafe of water must appear upon the festive board. Some Presidents, unwilling to have international complications, abrogate this quaint custom when foreign diplomats come to dine. At the modish American dinner-party, as you see it in New York, there is a superabundance of all kinds of European wines, but the United States demand that their President should have no trifling with sparkling, exhilarating drinks. The situation is an odd one, because ostentation is the note at entertainments on the other side of the Atlantic. To be served only with a glass of iced water at a table covered with priceless lace, Tiffany services, costly flowers, sparkling silver, together with a menu which would have made Lucullus envious, is somewhat of a surprise to the

stranger. The coming President and his wife are going, it is said, to inaugurate a Spartan simplicity again at the White House, and, if so, cosmopolitan Washington will have, more or less, to follow suit.

**Those Sinister Heads.**

The order lately went forth, in Paris, that the heads of womenfolk should be of the smallest dimensions. Hair was to be wound so close round the skull as to appear scanty, and hats are as diminutive as those worn by "comic men" in pantomime or on the music-hall stage. The effect of this sudden belittlement of the head is to make certain women take on the sinister appearance of serpents. They are doubtless quite unaware of the disquieting effect they produce—for Fashion is a powerful hypnotiser—but no one can go to a modern French play in Paris without seeing, both on the stage and in the auditorium, the kind of spectacle I mean. The new coiffure, however, will help to counteract it.



**FASHIONABLE HEADS: SHOWING A TENDENCY TO DRESS THE HAIR HIGHER.**  
Since hats are not being worn quite so far down on the head, a slight modification is noticed in the lines of the coiffure, which can now be seen higher on the head. The desired proportions, in most cases, are obtained by an addition of a postiche, which now becomes almost a necessity for the artistic arrangement of the hair. Combs, slides, and pins complete the elegance of this new fashion, as well as assuring its retention in the proper place.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 27.*

## THE EAST LONDON RAILWAY.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of interest is being taken in the affairs of this Company at present, and it seems likely that this will be even more marked as soon as the line commences to work on its new electrical system. This should be within a very few weeks, and must have an important influence on traffics.

In August 1911 the first definite announcement of the electrification scheme was made. The cost was to be £65,000, which the lessee Companies—namely, the Great Eastern, Brighton, South-Eastern, Chatham, Metropolitan, and District—have provided, and interest at 4 per cent. per annum will be a first charge upon the minimum sum guaranteed by the above-mentioned Companies, but only when that amounts to more than the minimum of £30,000. The extra working expenses incidental to electrification will be borne by the lessee Companies.

This line will in future provide the most direct route between the various main line systems north of the Thames, and the lines on the other side of the river, and it is hoped to develop a goods traffic as well as the passenger service. If, as seems reasonable to suppose, this turns out successful, it will afford an important source of revenue, especially if Kent coal becomes a commercial success. A through service will also be established between New Cross Station on the Brighton line and the Metropolitan Railway.

With regard to the question as to which of the various securities is the most likely to benefit from any improvement, we are inclined to think the B Debentures at 55 are the most attractive. The issue is a small one—amounting to only £381,000—and has been in receipt of 7s. 6d. per cent. from the guaranteed rental for some years past. To pay the full 4 per cent. upon this stock, total traffics must increase to £81,200, which is not an impossible achievement, although it may take some little while.

## LONDON UNITED TRAMWAYS.

The Report of the London United Tramways for 1912 proves that the trams have suffered from the immense increase in the number of motor-buses which have been placed on the London streets. Gross receipts declined by £11,970 to £332,000, whilst working and general expenses increased to £223,650. After payment of interest on Debenture stock, etc., there remains a balance of £41,228—a decrease of £15,200 as compared with the preceding year. Of this sum £40,000 goes to reserves, and the balance, £1228, is carried forward. The number of passengers carried also shows a decrease of nearly a million and a half.

Among other matters the Report refers to the scheme for the amalgamation of the Company with the Metropolitan Electric Tramways and the Tramways (M.E.T.) Omnibus Company, which was accepted by a majority of the shareholders in November last, and states that the management of these concerns has been now consolidated under Mr. James Devonshire.

If there was any doubt as to whether the proprietors of this concern were wise to join in this scheme, the Report should destroy the last trace of it. Under the agreement with the Speyer interests, the Tramways will at any rate have a chance, and the Tramways Omnibus Company will provide a certain source of income. The Report at the end of the first year's working of the combined systems will be most interesting, and shareholders will get a far better idea of the value of their holdings than is now possible.

## PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE.

The affairs of this concern continue to show a remarkable increase during 1912, the total income amounting to no less than £16,017,939, being an increase of £532,078 over that of the previous year. The ordinary branch of the business continues to expand, but the industrial part is, of course, by far the most important, and over nineteen million policies were in force at the end of the year.

The Report is particularly interesting in that it deals for the first time with the working of the National Insurance Act. As the chairman pointed out at the meeting, although the Company can make no profit from business conducted under the Act, they do not intend to run it at a loss, and this they have achieved, since the ratio of working expenses has not increased. The membership of the Prudential Approved Societies amounts to nearly three million, and new members are being received at the rate of 2000 a day. It is clear, therefore, that the connections of the Company must be considerably strengthened thereby, although no actual profits are made. With regard to invested funds, these have increased by £3,332,250 to £84,571,932. In view of the magnitude of this sum, it is satisfactory to find that only £700,000 is required for writing down the value of securities, and this amount, although nominally provided out of the reserves, is actually provided out of revenue, as an identical amount is placed to the reserve fund.

It has been found possible to increase the bonus rate in both

branches of the Company's business, and altogether the position revealed is one of immense strength.

## SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER.

The progress made by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company during 1912 was excellent, and the results achieved constituted a record for this concern.

Net earnings amounted to 1,362,250 dols., compared with 1,189,250 dols. and 863,650 dols. for the two previous years, respectively. Depreciation receives 103,475 dols., the reserve fund 189,375 dols., and the Common stock is put on to a 6 per cent. basis. This increase in dividend only applied to the December quarter, and the yield for the year amounted to 5½ per cent., so the present price of 144 seems to discount the future to a large extent. On the other hand, this Company is one of the best-managed Industrial concerns in Canada, and is very closely connected with the Montreal Light, Heat, and Power, in which it holds 1,000,000 dols. stock. The connection is so close, in fact, that there is a strong probability that the two concerns will eventually be amalgamated.

Numerous subsidiary concerns, such as the Canada Carbide Company and Laval Electric Company are all making rapid progress, and it would not be surprising to see a further increase in the distribution at the end of 1913.

## MISCELLANEA.

Barry Deferred at 86, ex dividend, is worth the consideration of investors looking for a high-yielding railway security. The Ordinary stock has now reverted to a 10 per cent. basis, which gives the Deferred 6 per cent. The mineral traffic of this line is undoubtedly growing in importance, and even now is fully taxing the capacity of the Company's docks. Traffics for the week ending March 2 showed an increase of £1322. We do not think that it will be possible to purchase this stock to yield 7 per cent. very much longer.

The dividend announcement of the São Paulo Railway Company cannot fail to satisfy shareholders and confirm the view we expressed last week that the quotation is likely to go still higher.

A dividend of 5 per cent. for the half-year is declared, together with a bonus of 2 per cent., making a total distribution for the twelve months of 14 per cent., against 13 per cent. a year ago. It is explained that the increase is paid from interest in investments, and out of the revenue of the Bragantina Railway. £200,000, against £150,000 a year ago, is now placed to reserve, but against this must be set the fact that £64,000 more was brought into these accounts, and the carry-forward is reduced by £27,000.

Preference shareholders in Samuel Courtauld and Co. have every reason to be dissatisfied with the terms offered them in the proposed reconstruction scheme, and would do well to take some united action to protect their interests. It is proposed to exchange these 5½ per cent. Preference shares into a similar amount of 5½ per cent. Debenture stock, redeemable at par in twenty-one years' time. The shares were issued at a time when the Company was not nearly as prosperous as at present, and the holders are entitled to more consideration than this. Their interest is now covered nearly thirty times over, and the shares naturally stand considerably over par. Either the redemption price should be increased to about the present market valuation, or else a bonus of some sort should be provided.

The City, as a whole, was genuinely pleased to learn that the Montreal Loan was a success, and that underwriters are relieved of their obligations. The terms, of course, were attractive, but it is doubtful if the underwriters expected to get their commission for nothing. This success will probably encourage the issue of further loans which have been impending for some time.

## OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Have you seen 'Ready Money'?" asked the still-more-senior partner of the world in general.

"Yes," came the clerk's prompt reply, "at the end of every month."

"A comedy, isn't it?"

"In my case, Sir, it can only be called a tragedy."

Nobody seemed to appreciate the pathos, and Harry overcame his natural reluctance to join in any conversation, and asked when money was going to be easier.

"I don't see how it can be for some time," said the senior partner. "Rates are even stiffer on the Continent, and the increase of Government balances has reduced the supplies available for Lombard Street."

"If the Balkan situation improves," said the clerk, "you will see things easier in April. The release of the Indian Government dividends in the first week will help matters."

"I want a tip for making money, whether it's tight or not," declared Harry.

[Continued on page 326.]



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**The Way of It.** Lent is a gay season ; we are nearing its end, and town is full, dances are many, dinners innumerable, and sales for fashionable philanthropy of almost daily occurrence. The dance at Buckingham Palace set the seal on the smartness of Lenten dancing. It was a very cheery affair, considering that it was royal. There is always some formality about dances when the King and Queen are present. It was their Majesties' wish to dispense with it entirely on this occasion. Even Kings and Queens cannot, however, have all their wishes, and formality would be present, although uninvited. The Prince of Wales, I hear, made a very graceful dancer, and two-stepped with the best. His Royal Highness has a neat turn of the ankle, and looked very well in his knee-breeches and silk stockings, with the Garter round his left leg, and the blue ribbon across his breast. He looked very young, but so had his father and his grandfather before him. His choice of partners proved that he has an eye for a pretty girl. The Queen valed a good deal, and seemed much to enjoy herself. Whoever had any doubts about the smartness of Lenten dancing knows now that it is all right—the King and Queen can do no wrong.

### Bulgarian Colours.

We know that they are victorious, and we know that they are attractive—I learned at Marshall and Snelgrove's that they are to be very fashionable. Incidentally, I may say that this establishment, a valued old friend, has now a new, delightful, and most attractive face. It has been opened up, and made wonderfully light, spacious, and charming ; the millinery department being really beautiful, in perfect taste, and quite the last word in luxury. As all the departments are filled

with new spring things—sunshades, fabrics, ribbons, flowers, hats of the freshest and of the last murmur in style—a visit to Marshall and Snelgrove's Vere Street and Oxford Street house is a treat to dress-loving ladies. To return to Bulgarian colours : I saw them in the lining, also used for facing, of a very smart and graceful coat in dark-blue silk corduroy—a soft, elastic material that hangs beautifully. The cloak was draped and clung in at the hem, the trimming consisting of handsome cords and tassels ; and the lining, used to face the square collar, the front in a cascade, and the cuffs, of printed, soft fabric in yellows and browns and russet-reds. There were many other lovely cloaks that I saw, all made of the firm's own brocades and other rich materials, by their own exclusive designs, and in their own work-rooms. One of them, of tinsel brocade in Oriental colouring, lined with blue-and-pink shot Ninon, was lovely. Another, in green and gold brocade, lined with black satin and finished with black feather trimming, was singularly handsome and distinguished. There were very many of different materials and styles, and all very smart, including one, in cerise and velours, for motoring.

### Our Haughty Crests.

The feathers of the day are not suited to the locomotion of the day. A lady who has one of the new smart

low automobiles and several of the new long, upstanding plumes adorning her new small hats, finds the task of reconciling her head-gear with her way of getting about rather temper-trying. If she only had to lower her haughty crest and butt into her car like a goat at a cat, it would be only temporary inconvenience. Once in, the plume is again in the way of the roof, and must either be injured or its wearer's head must be bowed as if in grief for the whole of the journey. Holes could, no doubt, be made in the top of cars for hat-trimmings to go through in fine weather. These might be regarded in the light of roof-gardens or roof feather-farms, and would surely enhance the appearance of covered cars. After all, knights of old wore their plumes above closed visors !



FANCY DRESS AT A SERIOUS FUNCTION : SOCIETY LADIES IN WELSH COSTUME AT THE SALE OF WELSH INDUSTRIES AT SEAFORD HOUSE.

The annual sale of Welsh industries began on the 4th at Seaford House, Belgrave Square, by permission of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden. On the first day it was opened by Lord Harlech, on the second by the Countess of Plymouth. From left to right in the photograph are Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, the Countess of Dundonald, the Hon. Mrs. Beverley Bird, Lady Harlech, Lord Harlech, Miss Mary Heaton, and Miss Nicholl. [Photograph by L.N.A.]



THREE'S COMPANY : A FAIR SPECTATOR AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY POINT-TO-POINTS ENJOYING A SMOKE.

As mentioned on our "Small Talk" page, the Oxford Point-to-Points took place at Stratton Audley on Feb. 28.

Photograph by Topical.



A CAUSE OF NEW LEGISLATION : MISS LILIAN LENTON, THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE, LYING ILL WITH PNEUMONIA.

It was announced the other day that, owing to the hunger-strike tactics of Suffragettes, and the consequent release of offenders, the Home Secretary was considering new legislation, in order to ensure their undergoing the full penalty. Miss Lenton was charged with being concerned in the Kew pavilion affair. She was released as doctors said that otherwise she would die.

Photograph by Topical.



TWO'S COMPANY : LADY DE TRAFFORD AND COUNTESS TORBY, WIFE OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, AT CANNES.

Countess Torby, who is very well known in London society, is the wife of the Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch of Russia.

Photograph by Topical.

*Continued from page 324.]*

"Sell a bear of Southern Albertas," suggested someone, "and Marconis."

"Bless my heart, you mustn't do that," said the still-more-senior partner. "There are far too many bears of Marconis about, and you might get nicely bitten."

"Are they worth their present price?"

"That, my boy, is another question altogether," was the non-committal reply.

"As soon as Peace is arranged, you'll see a big jump in Campacs," resumed the clerk. "If I'd only got the money, I'd like to lock a few away, and some Brazil Tractions to keep 'em company."

"Watered stock, my boy."

"That may be, but the pool in Montreal have got a packet put away, and I don't suppose they've got them for their health's sake, or to try and hatch 'em."

"Talking of hatching," said the rubber expert, called Gertie, for short, "now that Easter is getting near I want to warn you people against leaving coloured eggs about."

The others all said they never had them, but he took no notice and went on, "I had a blue one last year, and thoughtlessly put it on the window-sill. The old cock was just outside, and the moment he saw that egg, he stopped short, gave one loud, long crow, and went over the wall into the neighbours' garden and slew their peacock!"

This tale was greeted with cries of "Shame!" although some said they'd heard it before, and the noise was only subdued after a vigorous protest by Harry, who couldn't get on with his work.

"I didn't know you had any work," was the still-more-senior partner's helpful contribution, while Gertie crept about on tip-toe exhorting all to be silent, and the office gradually settled down to work again.

*Saturday, March 8, 1913.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

A. H. A.—There are many more promising speculations. The address you require is Salisbury House, E.C., and the Company is paying 4s. a quarter. Ore reserves are very uncertain, and developments at deep levels unsatisfactory. The life does not appear to be more than two years, and utmost value of shares about 4s.

S. W.—We have answered you by post.

BALL BELL.—The output should increase during the next few years, and the shares are a fair lock-up at anything under par.

J. B. (Glasgow).—It would be very difficult to improve upon your list. It is not easy to advise with regard to averaging: we do not see much prospect of a rise in these shares in the immediate future, although eventually you will probably see them up again to 9 or more.

MOTT.—(1) A fair Industrial, but the Company's business is very speculative; (2) Fair, although the Company should be making more progress; (3) Sound; (4) Attractive in view of high yield.

RHODESIAN.—Hold for improvement in market conditions, which will come; but don't be too grasping when you see a profit.

In an attractive leaflet for intending holiday-makers, issued by the Great Western Railway, it is urged, with much cogency, that the advantages once considered the monopoly of Southern France or Northern Algeria may be secured in the home Rivieras of Cornwall and Devon, with very much less cost and fatigue.

Under "Small Talk" in our issue of Feb. 26 it was stated that Lady Edmund Talbot was organising her annual Charity Ball for April. This, we learn, was incorrect, as the ball is to be held on May 5, at the Grafton Gallery. It is in aid of the Children's Settlement and Educational Centre in East London. Tickets may be obtained either from Lady Edmund Talbot, 1, Buckingham Palace Gardens, S.W., or from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Hubert Dormer, 21, Great Winchester Street, E.C.

Those interested in the art of M. Léon Bakst, frequently illustrated in these pages, will shortly have the means of studying it in a consecutive form. The reproduction of his design for the scenery of "Le Dieu Bleu," published in our issue of Feb. 28, forms one of the series of illustrations to the forthcoming volume, "The Decorative Art of Léon Bakst," to be published at the end of the present month by the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W.

Among the photographs of guests in fancy dress at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, given on a double-page in our issue of March 5, was one which was described as representing Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cole as a "Zoo" keeper and a Polar bear. Mr. Cole informs us, however, that this was a mistake, and that the photograph represents, not himself and his wife, but Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Coles, of 41, North Gate, Regent's Park. Mr. H. H. Coles is a Fellow of the Zoological Society. Mr. W. H. Cole is Chief Clerk of the Society, in whose service he has spent thirty-five years.

## PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

*Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.*

**Invested Funds exceed £84,000,000**

*Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-fourth Annual Meeting, held on 6th March, 1913.*

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 59,854, assuring the sum of £5,586,153 and producing a new annual premium income of £346,592. The premiums received during the year were £4,826,993, being an increase of £14,725 over the year 1911. The claims of the year amounted to £3,626,469. The number of deaths was 8,872, and 21,981 endowment assurances matured.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 901,838.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £7,792,562, being an increase of £161,154. The claims of the year amounted to £3,070,271, including £324,797 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 5,282 endowment assurances matured, was 382,734. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policy-holders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 155,582, the number in force being 1,809,171. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 52,296.

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 19,140,743; their average duration exceeds twelve and a-half years.

The assets of the Company show an increase of £3,332,250 over those of 1911.

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 16s. per cent. on the original sums assured has again been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on all policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 7th of March, 1913, to the 5th of March, 1914, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

PREMIUMS PAID FOR.		BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED	
5 years and less than 10 years	..	..	£5 per cent
10 "	" 15 "	..	£10 "
15 "	" 20 "	..	£15 "
20 "	" 25 "	..	£20 "
25 "	" 30 "	..	£25 "
30 "	" 40 "	..	£30 "
40 "	" 50 "	..	£40 "
50 "	" 60 "	..	£50 "
60 "	and upwards.	..	£60 "

The rate of bonus declared for last year has thus been maintained, and in the case of policies on which 25 and less than 30 years' premiums have been paid, and those on which premiums for 60 years and upwards have been paid, an increased bonus of £5 per cent. and £10 per cent. respectively will be distributed.

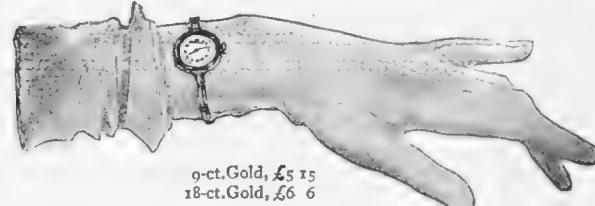
Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, *Chairman.*  
W. J. LANCASTER, *Joint Director.*  
W. EDGAR HORNE, *Joint Director.*

D. W. STABLE, *Joint General Manager.*  
J. SMART, *Secretaries.*

*The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.*

## Finnigan's "Princess" Watch Bracelet



Finnigan's "Princess" Watch Bracelet is perfectly self-fitting—for any wrist—with or without gloves. It is safe, pliable, and comfortable, with guaranteed gold springs. Fitted with finest lever movement; a warranted timekeeper.

The "Princess" is dainty and diminutive piece of jewellry; a darling grace to the daintiest hand. An ideal gift.

If you find it inconvenient to call, we shall be glad to send you full particulars and illustrations by post. Please ask for pamphlet No. 2407.

**Finnigan's 18 New Bond St., W.**

LONDON.

LIVERPOOL: 59, Bold St.; 37-41 Dale St.

MANCHESTER: 123 Deansgate; 113-115 Market St.

**He is so very healthy—everybody wants to know what he is fed on.**



Mrs. Walford, 30, Rhyme Road, S.E., is proud of her strong little boy, and enthusiastic about Mellin's Food, upon which he has been entirely brought up. "Everybody wants to know what we feed him on, he is so very healthy," she writes, "and I shall always use Mellin's for my children." Trial sample of Mellin's Food with Booklet for Mothers on "The Care of Infants," will be sent Free on request. Mention this Paper. Address Sample Department.

Mellin's Food, Ltd.,  
Peckham, S.E.

**Mellin's Food**

FROM POLAR REGIONS TO EQUATOR  
we smoke

# PLAYER'S Navy Mixture

MILD & MEDIUM  
1 oz. packet 5d  
1/4 lb. tin 1/8d

WHITE LABEL  
1 oz. packet 4 1/2d  
1/4 lb. tin 1/6d

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham,  
will forward testing samples post free to  
applicants mentioning this paper.

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

## GOING AWAY FOR EASTER?

THE  
MIDLAND EXCURSION PROGRAMME  
OFFERS YOU A CHOICE OF  
**OVER 500 PLACES**  
IN VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND,  
SCOTLAND & IRELAND, TO WHICH  
CHEAP TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED  
AT EASTER.

Apply to any Midland Station or Ticket Office,  
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INCREASED FACILITIES FOR  
WEEK-END TICKET HOLDERS.

TRAVEL BY  
**MIDLAND**  
FOR COMFORT.

## SOUTH EASTERN & CHATHAM RAILWAY EASTER on the CONTINENT.

### CHEAP TICKETS

Will be issued from certain London Stations.

DESTINATION.	DAYS VALID.	RETURN FARES.		
		1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
PARIS (via Calais or Boulogne) ...	15	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
BOULOGNE ...	3	22 6	37 6	30 0
Do.	8	30 0	25 0	17 10
BRUSSELS (via Calais or Boulogne) ...	15	59 3	38 3	25 0
Do. (via Ostend) ...	15	49 9	31 6	20 3
AMSTERDAM (via Flushing) ...	8	37 1	25 6	—
THE HAGUE (via Flushing) ...	8	32 10	22 5	—
CALAIS ...	3	24 0	—	15 6
Do. ...	8	31 6	26 6	20 6
OSTEND ...	8	31 10	23 10	15 9
FRENCH RIVIERA (via Calais) ...	30	192 0	132 0	—

## Easter in the Garden of England

WEEK-END TICKETS AVAILABLE BY ANY TRAIN (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted) will be issued from LONDON and certain Suburban Stations to the undermentioned Stations on March 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd, available for return on or before March 25th, but not on day of issue.

	RETURN FARES.			RETURN FARES.		
	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
BEXHILL	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	MARGATE	s. d.	s. d.
BIRCHINGTON	14 0	10 6	8 0	MARTIN MILL	18 6	12 6
BROADSTAIRS	15 0	11 0	8 0	RAMSGATE	15 0	11 0
CANTERBURY	15 0	11 0	8 0	RYE	16 0	12 0
DEAL ...	14 0	10 6	8 0	ST. LEONARDS	14 0	10 6
DOVER ...	18 6	12 6	9 0	SANDGATE	17 6	12 6
FOLKESTONE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	SANDWICH	18 6	12 6
HASTINGS ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	TUN. WELLS ...	8 6	5 6
HERNE BAY ...	14 0	10 6	8 0	WALMER	18 6	12 6
HYTHE ...	14 0	10 6	7 0	WESTGATE	15 0	11 0
LITTLESTONE ...	16 0	12 0	9 0	WHITSTABLE	14 0	10 0

CHEAP DAY and HALF-DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY and EASTER MONDAY from LONDON to certain Seaside and Country Stations.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on EASTER MONDAY.

Cheap Return Tickets (including admission) will be issued from London.

For particulars of Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, etc., see Easter Holiday Programme, obtainable at any of the Company's Agencies or Stations.

FRANCIS H. DENT, General Manager.

## G. E. R.

## THE EAST COAST FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

A CHOICE  
OF

20

COAST  
RESORTS.

Magnificent Golf Links.

Charming Country for  
Cycling, Driving and Walking.

### The Norfolk Broads

for Yachting and Angling.

Frequent and Convenient Service of Fast Trains.

Restaurant-Car Expresses.

Cheap Tickets for varying periods.

Luggage in advance.

PROGRAMMES NOW READY containing full particulars of all special and cheap facilities can be obtained at the Company's London Offices, or will be sent GRATIS upon application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool St. Station, E.C.



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JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS  
TO H.M. THE KING.

THE  
**Goldsmiths & Silversmiths  
Company LTD.**

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd.  
(A. B. Savory and Sons).

Established 1751.

Famous the World over for  
**DESIGN QUALITY VALUE**

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THE COMPANY'S "REGENT" CANTEEN  
Forty-two Pieces £50.00 Complete.

**HOUSEHOLD PLATE**

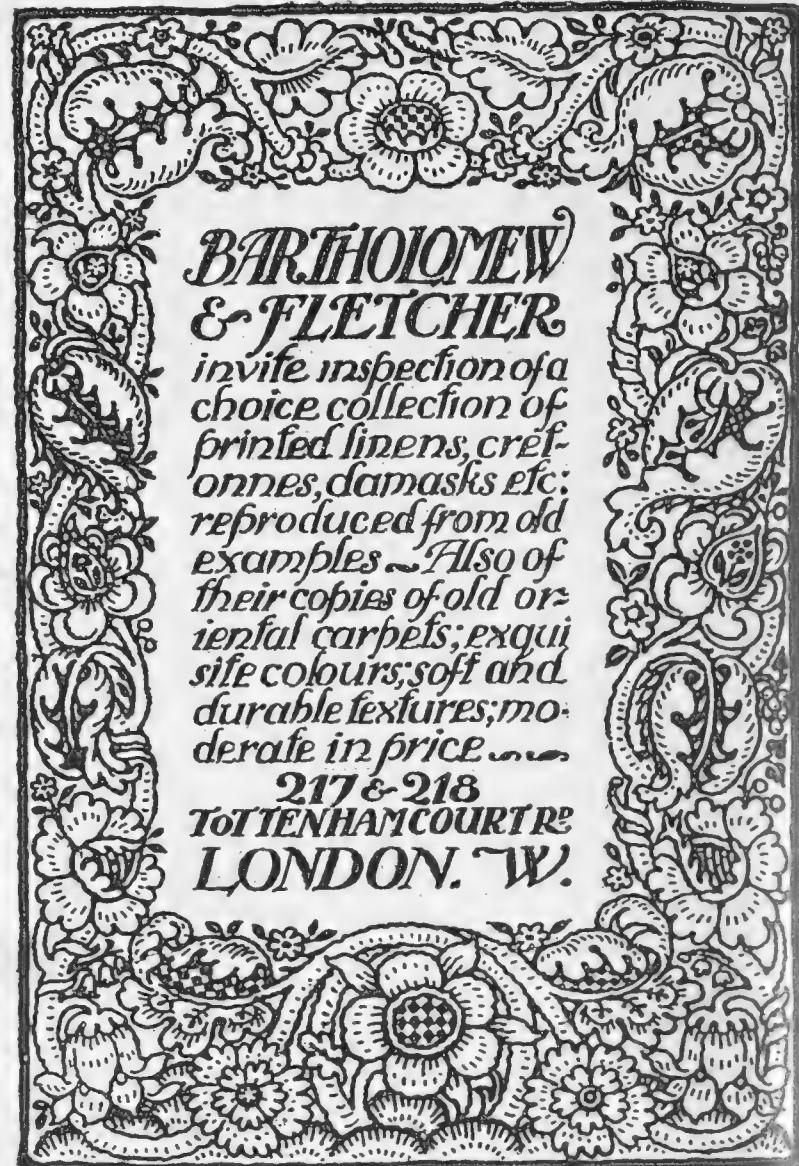
For every need of the Table, the Celebrated "Regent Plate" of the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W., is always pre-eminently suitable.

It is unsurpassed for Durability and Hard Wear, and is the finest substitute in the world for solid Silver, to which it is equal in design and finish.

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**BARTHolemew & Fletcher**  
invite inspection of a  
choice collection of  
printed linens, cre-  
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reproduced from old  
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their copies of old or-  
iental carpets; exqui-  
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durable textures; mo-  
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TOTTENHAM COURT  
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**FOOT'S**



THE  
"MARLBOROUGH."

**ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIRS.**

The seat, back, and leg rest can be instantly and independently adjusted by the occupant to any position of ease and comfort. Combines Chair and Couch.

It will rock or remain rigid at any adjustment.

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Luxury for the strong, comfort for the invalid.

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**17 NEW BOND STREET  
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When buying Plate Cabinets, "quality" is the most important point for consideration. The Company's Cabinets are fitted with Spoons and Forks of "Prince's Plate" and Trustworthy Cutlery, both of which have won a name for quality that is second to none.

The Cabinet illustrated contains: 12 Table Forks, 12 Table Spoons, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 4 Salt Spoons, 1 Mustard Spoon, 1 Pair Sugar Tongs, 1 Soup Ladle, Sauce Ladle, Gravy Spoon, and Butter Knife, complete in Oak Case £9 10 0

# MAPPIN & WEBB

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths. (1908), LTD.

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# HORLICK'S MALTLED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT, and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK  
FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing, and refreshing.

### HORLICK'S MALTLED MILK

- Q **IN INFANT FEEDING** is the only scientific substitute for Human Milk which perfectly simulates the action of the latter during digestion.
- Q **FOR GROWING CHILDREN.** Builds up and nourishes the constitution, gives stamina and ensures healthy growth with development.
- Q **IN THE HOME,** when used as a Table Beverage, is more beneficial than Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, or Cocoa.
- Q **IS ESPECIALLY USEFUL IN PHYSICAL CULTURE** as it replaces waste tissue and gives a feeling of fitness and staying power.
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- Q **FOR THE AGED AND INVALIDS.** The lightest diet in combination with the fullest nutriment—therefore gives best means of sustenance.

SERVED IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, AND CAFES,  
HOT OR COLD.

### REQUIRES NO COOKING.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at 1/6, 2/6, and 11/-

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTLED MILK Co., Slough, Bucks.,  
ENGLAND.

# RIPOLIN PAINT

Everyone should wish to see the Paint in the home faultless.

Use RIPOLIN and ensure an artistic, lasting effect.

RIPOLIN can be washed over and over again.

Supplied in any shade—FLAT or GLOSS—Ready for use



REQUIRES  
NO VARNISH



Full particulars from RIPOLIN LTD 35 Minories London EC

## From the Home of the 'Colleen'



NATURE'S SOAPS—free entirely from the coarse animal fats and harsh caustic soda which make ordinary soaps, however carefully coloured and scented, so injurious and irritating to sensitive skins.

### McClinton's Soaps

Made from Pure Vegetable Oils and Plant Ash

—are absolutely unique. The process of manufacture, which is a secret, occupies as many days as it takes hours to make ordinary soda soaps. But this lengthy process results in a soap which is extraordinarily mild, a soap which produces a lather like "liquid velvet," emollient and soothing, containing nothing injurious to the most delicate skin.

*Over 200 Peers and Peeresses use  
McClinton's Soaps, and speak in enthusiastic terms of their unique qualities.*

Start using McClinton's Soaps at once. Take advantage of either of our offers (see Coupons)—or if you don't want to cut the paper, write at once, enclosing 2d. for postage and packing, for a dainty set of useful samples to

McCLINTON'S, Ltd. (Dept. 3), DONAGHMORE, IRELAND.

**Useful Samples** of McClinton's Soaps, etc., will be sent in exchange for this Coupon. Send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Ask your Chemist and if he does not stock McClinton's Soaps, send us his correct name and address and we will enclose a dainty enamelled match-holder with your samples as a FREE GIFT.

McCLINTON'S, Ltd., DONAGHMORE, IRELAND.

12-3-13

**Special Money-Back Offer.** We believe that your skin cannot fail to benefit by the regular use of McClinton's Soaps; but to avoid even the remotest possibility of your regretting your purchase, we make the following offer—

Purchase from your Chemist or Stores—  
Colleen Soap—box of 3 tablets ..... 1s.  
Hibernia Shaving Stick ..... 1s.  
McClinton's Shaving Cream, in opal jars ..... 1s.  
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or, indeed, any of McClinton's Toilet Specialities and use any of these regularly for a week. Then, if you are not entirely satisfied, take back to the Chemist what is left, along with this Coupon properly filled in, and he will *return your money in full.*

*The Sketch, March 12, 1913.*

Returned by (Name) .....  
(Address) .....  
to (write Chemist's name here) .....



### FURTHER MOTOR CAR TYPES.

No. 15.—The Speedwell.

Up to the year 1906 the outside chain-drive method of transmission was quite common, but, as the "type" this week shows, it was being superseded by the enclosed axle-drive, either worm or bevel. This Speedwell car shows also a rear-entrance tonneau, though as a matter of fact the superiorities of the side-entrance were being gradually appreciated. It may be news to recent adherents to motoring that as far back as the year in question motor-cars had developed a speed in excess of two miles a minute. This performance was accomplished on January 29th, 1906, at Ormond Beach, the driver being Demogeot. Actually, the speed worked out at the rate of 122½ m.p.h., the two miles being

covered in 58 4/5ths sec. Needless to say the tyres were Dunlops. So much for speed; now for reliability. At the commencement of the year a Humber car was started on a 5000-miles trial by Mr. Wright, of Lincoln, to be completed in a month. Once again Dunlops were used, and once again they proved that the choice was right. Quoting from the *Autocar*: "The Dunlop tyres, too, had come through magnificently... Considering the tremendously long stretches of newly-laid metal over which the tyres had been driven, and often at night, we think that here again the result was most satisfactory." Present-day users think the same of their Dunlop tyres.

# DUNLOP TYRES

FIRST IN 1888 : FOREMOST EVER SINCE.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinestrasse. 110

1906



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!

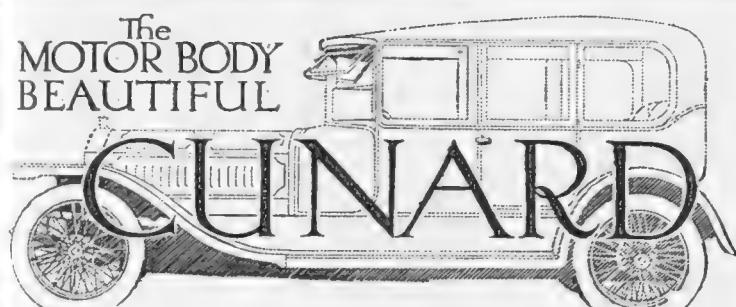
# SCRUBB'S AMMONIA,

THE TO  
E CLEANLINESS!

FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD  
USE IT SPEAKS FOR  
ITSELF !!



The  
MOTOR BODY  
BEAUTIFUL



"The Acme of perfection of design and finish."—*Tatler*, Nov. 13, 1912.

Perfection in every detail.

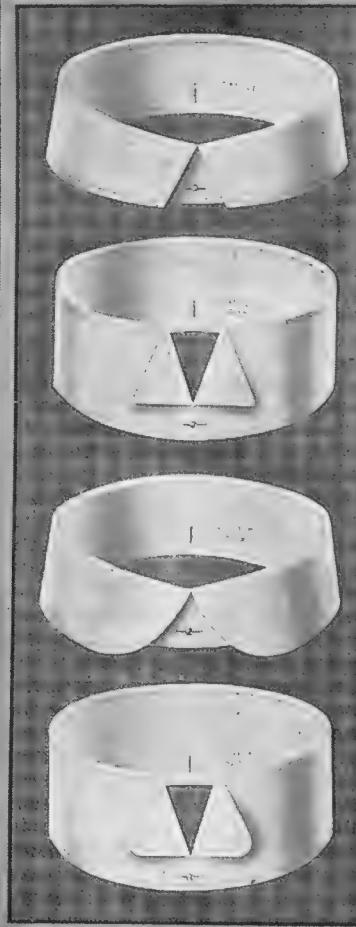
FROM the choosing of the wood to the last coat of varnish—every detail in the making of the Cunard Motor Body receives the most careful attention of experts.

IF you will pay us a visit at our workshops at Putney you will see the beautiful and graceful Cunard Body in every stage of its construction. You will see there those exclusive points which make the Cunard so much superior to other bodies. No glue—for every Cunard joint is screwed so as to respond to the roughest vibration without loosening. You will see the large staff of experienced designers tracing out the wonderfully graceful curves of the Cunard Bodies, and you will see the clever workmen each engaged upon some apparently unimportant detail—but it is these details which make the Cunard the finest motor body in the world.

CUNARD BODIES are fitted to all chassis, including the well-known Noiseless Napiers. Write for the Cunard Book.

Cunard Motor and Carriage Co., Ltd.  
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PUTNEY,  
LONDON,  
S.W.

## CASTLE Collars



ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S  
Castle Collars are their own make throughout, faced with linen woven in their Banbridge factory, and bearing the sheen and snowy whiteness linen alone imparts.

Why wear collars of inferior fabric when Castle Collars, with their 30 years' reputation, cost you no more?

### 1913 Styles:—

**Double Collars.** The first (D35) and third illustrations ("Box") show two popular shapes for 1913. The D35 is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep at front and allows ample tie room notwithstanding smart effect. The Box, giving freedom to neck, is the collar of the outdoor man ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep at front). Both are slightly deeper at back.

**Wing Collars.** The clean-cut appearance of these distinctive shapes makes them extremely popular for town or evening wear. 2 and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep, B35 (2nd illustration) having square and B25 (4th illustration) round points.

**5/11** BOX OF ONE DOZEN  
(Postage, 3d. extra).  
Sample Collar, and List,  
post free, 6 pence.

**Robinson  
& Cleaver**

40, G, Donegall Place,  
**BELFAST.**  
London. Liverpool.

THE WORLD-FAMED  
**ANGELUS**  
**GRAND & UPRIGHT PLAYER-PIANOS**  
As Supplied to His Late Majesty King Edward VII.

The charm and delight of being able to play the Piano perfectly can hardly be realised until you possess an ANGELUS. The simplicity and completeness of the Expression Devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in rendering artistically the World's best music.

**THE MELODANT** Expression Device (Patented) accentuates the melody or theme of the composition, giving just that exquisite human-like effect and independence of touch which mark the performance of the accomplished pianist.

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**THE ARTISTYLE** (Patented), the simple but infallible guide to musical rendition, incorporates into one line the variations of tempo, touch, and expression, giving to the performer a constant source of information regarding the correct interpretation of a composition.

The ANGELUS Player-Pianos comprise pianos of the most artistic character, and include THE FAMOUS BRINSMEAD, SIR HERBERT MARSHALL SONS and ROSE, KNABE, WINKELMANN, SQUIRE, &c., &c. These pianos have been carefully selected on account of their beauty of tone, perfect repetition and durability.

The extraordinary success and popularity of the world-famed ANGELUS Player-Pianos are undoubtedly due to their artistic supremacy and moderate prices.

You are invited to call and hear the Angelus, or write for illustrated Catalogue No. 4 of the latest models.

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BEAUTY and Fashion speed to the Court, the Opera, the Ballroom and the Play, luxuriously at rest in the smoothly-gliding, softly-lighted

**Lanchester**

The luxury of comfort and convenience can go no farther than that found in Lanchester Engineering and Lanchester Coachbuilding.

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38, King St. W.

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

# STRAKER-SQUIRE

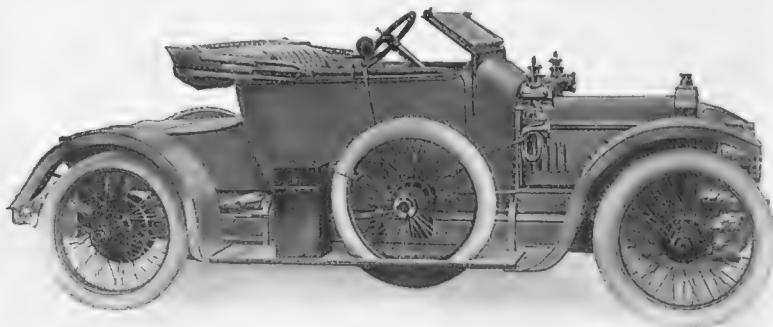
15 H.P. ONE TYPE CHASSIS ONLY  
suitable for all Types of Bodies.

"The 15 h.p. Straker-Squire is a car which is almost unique, and I have always regarded it as one of the leaders in its class. Intending purchasers of a car of the 'fifteen' class will do well not to leave the Straker-Squire out of consideration."

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 15/2/13.

"A fine example of the results of specialization."

SPHERE, 15/2/13.



Standard Two-Seater, complete, ready for road, £422.

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

## Day after day ; year after year

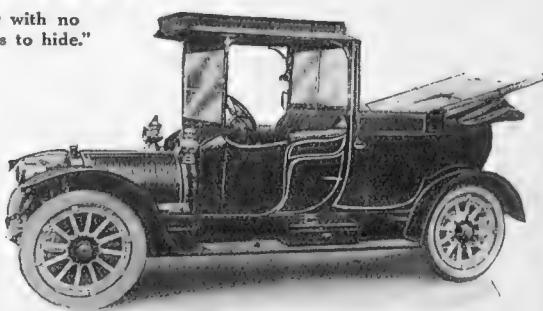
every Hotchkiss on the road goes on performing its work with a consistent reliability that wins the admiration of the engineering world.

In this unfailing service resides the real value of the car; but when we say that no other car of any class can present greater value for price, we base our claim not only upon the reliability and tremendous endurance of the Hotchkiss, but also upon its luxurious accommodation and equipment.

## HOTCHKISS

"The Car with no weakness to hide."

London & Parisian  
Motor Co., Ltd.,  
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Oxford Street,  
London, W.



SOLE AGENTS FOR S. OF ENGLAND FOR SANKEY STEEL WHEELS.

A Free Copy  
of the Book of the  
Hotchkiss.

A detailed description  
of these beautiful cars,  
illustrated with many  
plates and diagrams,  
will be sent FREE by  
return to interested  
applicants.

Why incur the heavy  
expense of a private  
garage in town? Our  
Maintenance Service costs  
just about half; your  
responsibility is nil; your  
interests are better served.  
It will pay you to send  
for particulars.

What is  
the general  
opinion of the  
private motorist on

RED - BLACK NON - SKID

# Continental Tyres

—“You use them once  
and—**ALWAYS.**”

Dear Sirs,

With reference to the 880 X 120 Nonskid cover which I have had in use for some time on my 20-30 h.p. DELAHAYE car, and which you have now re-treaded with plain tread, I thought you might be interested to know that, as far as I can possibly estimate, this cover has run between *seven and eight thousand miles* on my car.

I use detachable wire wheels and so am able to change the tyres from the back to the front wheels. All this distance was, therefore, not covered on the back wheels, although during the greater proportion of its life, it was in use as a driving tyre. Since having been re-treaded it has run another 600 miles and is apparently well fitted for further service.

Yours faithfully  
(Signed)  
T. P. SEARIGHT.

Continental  
1913

Have you tried the  
“Continental 1913”  
—the Tennis Ball  
of perfect balance?

The  
Brinsmead Piano is the  
standard of excellence in pianoforte  
manufacture. In Tone, Touch and Finish  
every "Brinsmead" represents the best that can  
be produced by British craftsmanship. The con-  
structional Durability is such that, given ordinary  
care, a "Brinsmead" retains its qualities unimpaired  
for a century.

Write to Dept. 4 for Catalogue; sent post free,  
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PAYMENT BY INSTALMENTS CAN BE ARRANGED.

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# BRINSMEAD PIANOS

FRANK  
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**Dr. DE JONGH'S**  
LIGHT-BROWN  
**COD LIVER OIL**

FOR  
WASTING  
DISEASES  
OF  
CHILDREN.

"In badly-nourished infants, Dr. de JONGH's Light-brown COD LIVER OIL is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three teaspoonfuls a day will fatten a young child is astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the Oil swallowed, or more, and children generally like the taste of Dr. de JONGH'S OIL, and when it is given them, often cry for more."

THOMAS HUNT, Esq.,  
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St. Giles's and Bloomsbury, London.

Of all Chemists, in Imperial Capsuled Bottles.  
Half Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.  
Sole Consignees—  
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## TRAVELLING COMFORT.

FOOT'S PATENT "EUREKA" TRUNK.

The bottom is as accessible as the top. Any article can be instantly removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Ensures perfect order and economises space. No heavy trays to lift. Made in six sizes, with 2, 3, or 4 drawers, which can be divided to suit customers' requirements.

Write for Booklet,  
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Sole Makers—  
**J. FOOT & SON, LTD.**  
(Dept. T 13),  
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## MATERNITY GOWNS *at Marshall's*

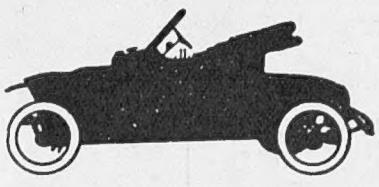


THE Gown illustrated is  
made in ivory, black, and  
all shades of satin, fitted with  
elastic at waist; the long  
coat of fine black or ivory  
net lace. Price 7½ Guineas.

### *The Catalogue*

which we shall issue on March 15th will  
be a 56-page Book of exceptional beauty,  
and will indicate by illustration and descrip-  
tion the value to be obtained here.  
Will you please write for a copy which  
will be sent post paid on date of issue.

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
LIMITED  
DRAPERS AND COURT DRESSMAKERS  
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The owner of a Charron may at least be sure that he possesses a car which will do its work silently, speedily and well, not only while new, but through years of good honest service.

15 h.p. Chassis, £315. Catalogues free on request. Trial runs by appointment. Charron Cars, 33, Wardour St., London, W. Telegrams: Automoteur, London. Telephone: 1426 Gerrard.

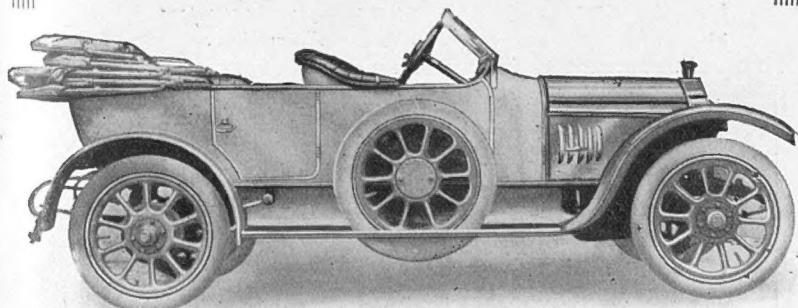
**Charron**

The car that has yet to find the hill it cannot climb

—and a perfect all-weathers, all-roads car. This is the

**14 h.p. SINGER**

—the car which, every experienced motorist agrees, marks so tremendous an advance in the art of car construction that it is better, in every way, than anything in its class ever yet offered to the motoring public.



**Chassis, £315**      **With 4-seated  
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**OTHER**      15 h.p. 5-seater      ..      ..      £430  
**STANDARD**      20 h.p.      ..      ..      £485  
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25 h.p.      ..      ..      ..      £585

SINGER MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY

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## New Silk Tailor - Mades

There is every reason to believe that Silk Suits will be most fashionable during the coming Season. Many of the most exclusive models are made in soft finished moiré or corded Silks, similar in character to the garment sketched. These suits are graceful and becoming, and are suitable for the smartest occasions.

**SILK SUIT** (as sketch), made in new fine quality silk cord, soft revers, and piping of own silk. Coat lined white silk. Corselet skirt. Perfectly cut and tailored.

**9½ gns.**

## Debenham & Freebody

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Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value

*Less than*

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**FIAT Cars—ready for the road.**

In view of EASTER being so early we have made special arrangements with our Coachbuilders by means of which we can deliver a few of the undernoted 1913 models completely equipped and ready for EASTER HOLIDAY TOURS, painted and upholstered to your own choice, provided you instruct us at once.

**15-20 H.P. Torpedo**

**15-20**      "      **Landaulette**

**20-30**      "      **Landaulette**

**35-50**      "      **Landaulette**

**FIAT Cars complete from £425.**

**WRITE, WIRE, OR 'PHONE—**

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Telegrams:  
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**FIAT Motors, Ltd.,**  
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7946 to 7950  
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All FIAT Cars are fitted with Michelin Tyres.

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THE LATE ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE HAY, BART., G.C.B.  
Removed from 108, St. George's Square, S.W.

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An Illustrated Catalogue of Valuable Modern, Antique, and Oriental Furniture and Effects will be sent free on application.

Any articles will be separated, may be selected at once, and delivered in Town or Country, shipped for Abroad, OR COULD REMAIN STORED FREE TILL REQUIRED.

PAYMENT WHEN DELIVERED.

A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION, Comprising:

THIRTY-SEVEN COMPLETE BEDROOMS,

Including the following Lots—	Luxurious Chesterfield Settee	£ 3 15 0
8 Solid Well-made Bedroom Suites, &c., complete with Wardrobe, &c., to match	2 Luxurious Lounge Easy Chairs to match	1 10 0
8 Single size Oak Bedsteads, complete	Exceptionally Fine Collection of Valuable Black Oak Dining Room Furniture, elaborately carved with Figures, Fruit, Flowers, &c., comprising Nine-piece Leather-covered Suite	18 18 0
6 Well-made Solid Oak Bedroom Suites complete	Sideboard to match, originally costing 50 guineas	18 18 0
6 Large Single Bedsteads to match at 4 ft. 10 in.	Dinner Waggon to match ditto	8 8 0
4 Well-made Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites complete	Dining Table, with Extra Leaves to match	10 10 0
4 Splendid Full-size Black and Brass Mounted Bedsteads, complete with Bedding (unsoiled)	Magnificently Carved Grandfather Clock to match	18 10 0
3 Very Handsome Design White Enamel Bedroom Suites, of Louis XIV. style	And many other items too numerous to mention here.	
3 White Enamel Bedsteads to match at 4 ft. 10 in.	DRAWING ROOM and ANTE ROOMS.	
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2 Very Handsome Bedsteads to match at 4 ft. 10 in.	Fire Screen, Polished Brass, uncommon design	0 12 0
2 Very Choice Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite	All Polished Brass Coal Receptacle and Coal Pincers	0 12 0
2 Choice Chippendale Design Bedroom Suite	Pair Handsome Gilt Florentine Frame Mirrors, fitted with Bevelled Plates, at Pair Gilt Frame Girandoles, with Arms for Candles	0 18 0
2 Chippendale Design Bedstead to match Queen Anne Design Solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite	The Satin Wood Decorated China Cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, very beautiful design	1 9 6
2 Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite	Satin Wood Decorated Centre Table	14 14 0
2 All Brass Full-size Bedstead, with Superior Spring Mattress	Satin Wood Decorated Overmantel to match	3 15 0
2 Very Choice Adams Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. wide Wardrobe	The Costly Satin Wood Decorated Suite, comprising very original design Settee, 2 Square Easy Chairs, and Occasional, all finely sprung upholstered and covered choice brocade Gobelin blue Silk	14 14 0
2 Massive Square Pillar Brass Bedstead, with Bedding all complete	Satin Wood Decorated French Time-piece	2 2 0
2 Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite	Costly Louis XV. Design All Brass Fender Suite, comprising magnificent chased Curb, with elaborately chased standard supports, set of Implements to match with Centre Stop, and a very fine Folding Screen, en suite, complete	8 15 0
2 Very Fine All Brass Bedstead, Fitted Superior Spring Mattress	Pair of Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Settees, elegantly carved and upholstered with covering of Parisian Broché Silk	9 9 0
2 Uncommon Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedroom Suite	Pair of Louis XV. carved and Gilt Goblets to match, at per Paupeul	4 10 0
2 Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedstead to match	Pair of Companion ditto	4 10 0
2 DEDICATIONS, SMOKING ROOMS, & LIBRARIES.	6 Louis XV. Occasional Chairs to match	2 5 0
2 Fine Quality Real Turkey Carpet, about 9 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in.	2 Louis XV. Gilt Bergere Chairs, carved with foliage and splendidly upholstered in Broché Silk and gold tissue	12 12 0
2 Massive Carved Oak Sideboard	SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE.	
2 Overmantel Fitment to match	The Very Elaborate Polished Oak Can-teen, by Carter, containing Cutlery by Mappin and Webb	10 10 0
2 Extending Dining Table to match	Large Handsome Punch or Claret Bowl, with Revolving Top	5 5 0
2 Elegantly Carved Arm Chairs and 6 Small ditto to match	2 Pairs of 10 in. Candelsticks	1 5 0
2 Set of 6 Small and 2 Arm Chairs of 18th Century Design, exquisitely Carved	Exquisitely Chased Borders of Vine Leaves, &c., on Ebony Plinth	10 10 0
2 Hippocampi Design Sideboard	Full-length Salmon Dish, with Strainer, &c., complete	8 8 0
2 Ditto, Dining Table, extending	2 Pairs of Fine Old Sheffield Entree Dishes	6 6 0
2 Handsome Bookcase	2 Egg Trays, 6 in.	1 7 0
2 Choice Dessert Service of 18 pieces, Cobalt Blue and Gold	4 Dozen Plated Soup Plates	0 6 6
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2 Queen Anne Set of a Carving Chairs and 6 Small ditto	Business hours: Open every day, 9 till 9, excepting Saturdays, when we close at 1.	
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Weaker Vessel."  
By E. F. BENSON.  
(Heinemann.)

"Little children, love one another," wrote an Apostle long ago, and indirectly, but just as surely, every literary artist holding the mirror of his mind, polished with delicate perception, up to the other minds of men and women makes the same entreaty. Let the weak love the strong, and the strong the weak; let the noble and the base love each other: more than character and stronger than fate is the quality of love. Mr. Benson does not say so in apostolic fashion. Every page of his human story breathes it. Few heroines are so tenderly imagined and painted as Eleanor. She is Agnes Wickfield with the eternal youth of Dora Spenlow, the charm of Becky Sharp, and a touch of womanly genius. Above all, she is Eleanor, daughter of a kindly Anglican clergyman and an Italian peasant girl. Her small, not pretty, face, where the crooked smile plays charmingly in its heavy frame of gold, becomes a mask for love itself. And her brilliant husband, with drink in his blood, and whose brain demanded it, is as credible, nearly as lovable, as she. His manner of loving is as familiar and as human as hers—the manner of superficial, charming attentions concerned in "wiping specks of dust" from the face to which it had dealt a, perhaps, mortal wound. The weak man, full of resolves made with reservations, paves his way down-hill with the fragments of his good intentions, for it is also certainly true, as the author points out, that saints have paved another upward way with good intentions, also. Mr. Benson is to be thanked for that figure; nor is it easy to succeed better than he with the minor personages of a drama. What could be better done than Mrs. Ramsden—that bright, cold, brainless and joyless, but sincerely good, clergyman's wife? A woman who dealt not in people and joy, but names and creeds; who turned everything to cast-iron. It is indeed difficult to love her; no one less wise than Mr. Benson could make us pity her. But people who would be insufferable at the breakfast-table are entertainment itself in such hands as his, and here all the common, ordinary folk make a reviewer's holiday, sadly needed by such.

"Studies in Love and Terror."  
By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES.  
(Methuen.)

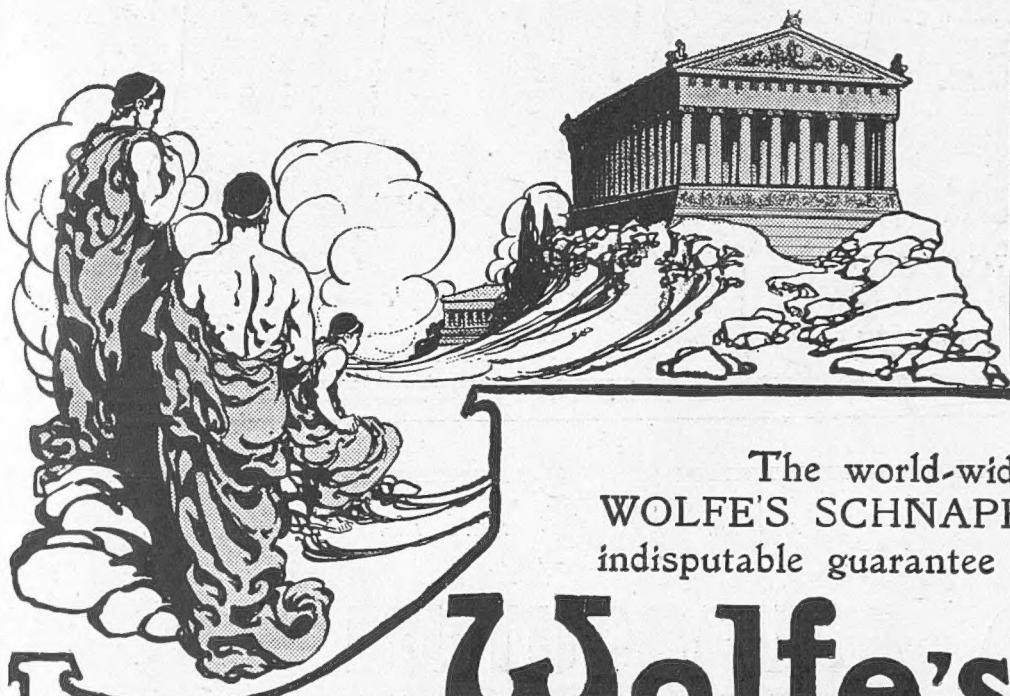
The delicacy of Mrs. Lowndes' talent suits the construction of the short story remarkably well. A situation, a phase; an impression, a mood or a crisis—these are the stuff of which short stories are made, and Mrs. Lowndes brings a charming art to their treatment. The five comprising this

present volume are so even that to distinguish is more a matter of taste than of judgment. With some certainly the last will be first. Its hero, Coxeter, is so typical, or rather so national, a study. "There are men whose every gesture," in association with a woman, "becomes an instinctive caress. Such men, as every woman learns in time, are not good 'stayers,' but they make the time go by very quickly—sometimes. With Coxeter, every minute lasted sixty seconds." That last phrase is an epigram. Terror lies heavily over "The Price of Admiralty," the story of a French submarine disaster, and "St. Catherine's Eve," which treats an incident of madness in a peculiarly fresh and thrilling way. "The Woman from Purgatory" contains a feminine portrait quite masterly in its quiet significance and humour; were it not for Balzac, Maupassant, George Moore, and one or two others, one would say it takes a woman to understand a woman like this. Agnes Barlow is seen with the humour which belongs to the very essence of life; but Mrs. Lowndes understands also the more obvious kind, and gives many a charming example of it, as the attitude of the elderly aunt who always spoke of her nephew's escape from drowning as his "mysterious preservation from death."

## "The Contrast."

By ELINOR GLYN.  
(Duckworth.)

air of rhetorical conviction which lent vitality—a jerky vitality, perhaps—to much of her former work. "The Point of View," which is the most characteristic of the five, suffers exceedingly in this respect. Has Mrs. Glyn been suffering from influenza, or is she trying for some vague path of restraint and taste? It only remains to wish her a speedy recovery. To make up, "The Point of View" is illuminated by a blaze of unconscious humour. And when humour is sufficiently unconscious it can be as diverting as the cultivated kind. The Russian Count who wears his hair long, sports a jewelled bracelet watch, brags through interminable speeches that the thoughts and opinions of other people "do not exist for me except so far as they interest me and are instructive or amusing," who calls civilisation a prison and convention shackles, yet refuses a kiss to his betrothed a few days before marriage because he "dare not," is too delicious for cavil. In reviewing his point of view, Mrs. Glyn would seem almost to be herself again. But the ghost story (an incredibly clumsy affair), "Her Advice," and "Fragments" are unworthy of her genius, though "The Contrast" might have been written by any accustomed writer.



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